

# The Sketch

No. 1097.—Vol. LXXXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

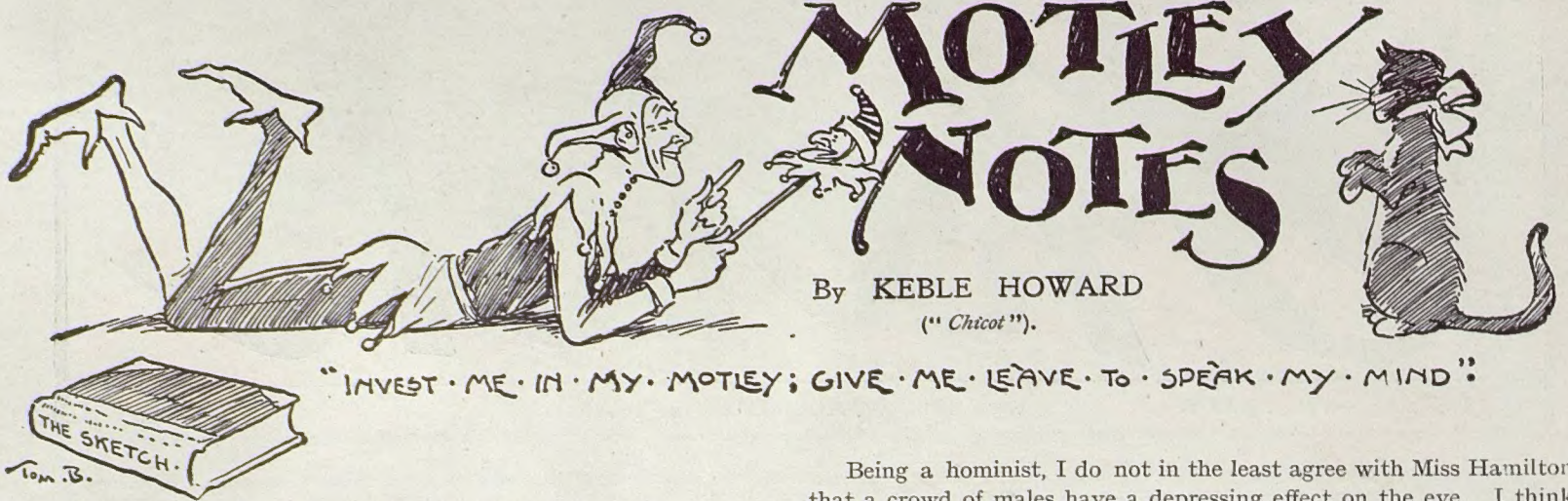


WHEN IS YOUR OWN FACE NOT YOUR OWN FACE? MR. WILL EVANS AS HE IS SEEN AT DRURY LANE—  
A DRAWING BY MR. DICK COLLINS, SON OF MR. ARTHUR COLLINS.

Giving judgment the other day, Mr. Justice Bailhache held that one—not all—of the films of Mr. Will Evans's music-hall sketches, namely, "Building a Chicken-house," was a colourable imitation of the performance which the artist is bound by contract to give exclusively in the music-halls of London Theatres of Varieties, Ltd. He found on the facts proved before him that the substantial merit and attractiveness of the defendant's performance was in the facial expressions, gestures, and what Counsel had

described as the mise-en-scène, all of which could be reproduced by the cinematograph. Consequently, judgment was entered for the plaintiff for a declaration, one shilling damages, and costs on the High Court scale. So Mr. Evans, while under the contract mentioned, cannot use his comical countenance in "Building a Chicken-house" for the enjoyment of picture-palace patrons. Mr. Evans, need we say, is one of the great star attractions of Drury Lane pantomime.





**On Words.** Every now and then, it becomes necessary to add a new word to our language. Shakespeare is generally credited with having coined more words than any other English writer, and that happened, in part, because he wrote in verse. Whenever he could not make the right word fit into his line, he coined a new word, and the new word was generally far more expressive than the old one would have been.

The old words are good enough for me, as a rule; I hate your far-fetched words. The editor of a daily paper once said to me, "Writing is a matter of words. As long as you know enough words, you can be a great writer." I did not argue the point with him—it is seldom a good plan to argue with editors—but I knew perfectly well, of course, that a man may know all the words in the dictionary, and have them all at the ends of his fingers, and yet remain a very poor writer. Thoughts, surely, are far more important than words. Given the thoughts, and the ability to express your thoughts on paper, you are a writer, no matter how simple the words you employ. "Little children, love one another" does not draw upon our stock of words to any great extent, and yet here is a great and an imperishable literary sentence.

Sometimes, none the less, it is amusing to be beforehand with the halfpenny evening papers, who are very fond of giving us new words. I remember that when motor-cabs were first in general use in London, an evening paper came out with a huge splash-head—"TAXICAB." That was to be the new word. That was to take the place of "hansom" in the Londoner's heart and mouth. Greatly daring, I ventured to contradict that evening paper in these very Notes. I said that the Londoner would never use a long word where he could use a short one, and that we were all fond of abbreviations ending in "i" or "ie." The new name, therefore, would be "taxi."

If you don't believe me, turn up your old volumes of *The Sketch* and you will find the word in a side-head.

**"Chunnel."** Another word that will be stolen from me, if it has not been stolen already, is "Chunnel." This, naturally, will be the pet name for the Channel Tunnel when we get it. I make a present of it to the halfpenny evening papers, whose untiring alertness always commands my respect.

**"Hominist."** And now I wonder if I may suggest the word "Hominist" as a counterblast to "Feminist." We want one, we poor men. What is a hominist? Merely a person who recognises that there is some little good, after all, in the much-abused, much-derided male sex. A hominist may be a feminist—in fact, he is sure to be—but I doubt whether a feminist is ever a hominist. The feminist is nothing if not extreme; the hominist is a level-headed person who sees the heroic in every human creature.

**Toujours Miss Hamilton.** I have been led to suggest this word by a letter in the *Daily Mail* from the tireless Miss Cicely Hamilton. The *Mail*, rather unkindly, describes Miss Hamilton as "the Dramatist." I wonder how Mr. Lloyd George would like to be described as "the Politician," or Mr. Thomas Hardy as "the Novelist."

Miss Hamilton, who can never miss a chance of "getting at" the male sex—the sex, the male sex, and nothing but the male sex—writes to ask that men may dress in colours. This is by no means a new request. "The human female can go splendid in scarlet or yellow where the human male must go dreary in dun colour or black; hence the depressing effect on the eye of a crowd of males!"

Being a hominist, I do not in the least agree with Miss Hamilton that a crowd of males have a depressing effect on the eye. I think that there is something very splendid, very inspiring in the sight of a large number of men. And the reason for this is that any large number of men collected together, unless they are having a set battle, are of one mind. It does not matter twopence whether they are in uniform—in which case, apparently, Miss Hamilton would approve of them—or out of uniform. They stand shoulder to shoulder, they know what they want, and every man is a brother. Such unanimity, such fraternity, cannot be anything but inspiring to the eye of the normal mind. On the other hand, if you are a pronounced feminist, you would not find a crowd of males any the more inspiring because they were dressed in gay colours. The colours would merely exaggerate their numbers! Awful!

#### A Crowd of Females.

Contrast, now, a crowd of females with a crowd of males. Here, if you like, is a depressing sight! And why? Not because, as I have explained, the good hominist dislikes women. Far from it; he could not be a good hominist if he did. But the explanation is that women do *not* stand shoulder to shoulder. They are too individual. They were never meant to get together in huge masses. They do not show to advantage in a limited space. They were meant to be taken singly, or, at the most, in small groups.

You can't drill women as you can drill men. To move and march with a crowd, to be one tiny piece of a great lump, requires all the concentration of which the human brain is capable. It is not the surrendering of his identity that makes the good soldier, but the subjugation of his personality. Now, women are by no means good at subduing their personalities. They are intensely and essentially personal. They follow the fashions, it is true, but they follow them with a difference. Men follow the fashions with as little difference as possible. The motives are wide asunder. A woman follows the fashions because she wants to be noticed and admired. A man follows the fashions because he wants to escape notice. (This distinction excludes the Nut, who is a blend of the male and female, intended by kindly Nature to add to the mirth of the world.)

I repeat, therefore, that a crowd of women—I dislike the word "females," and I should not have used it at all if Miss Hamilton were not so attached to the word "males"—is a far more depressing sight, for all their gay clothing, than a crowd of men.

#### A Strange Argument.

Miss Hamilton winds up her letter with a strange argument.

"It has been said—I believe by Ruskin—that the love of colour is inherent in every noble soul; and, judging by the pattern of his socks, the average man is not wanting in nobility. Why should he not avow it openly, on his head, instead of tucking it away in his boots?"

This is, I suppose, the sort of argument that would get shrieks of joy at a Suffragette meeting, and it would, I fear, be useless to draw their attention to the obvious fallacy—

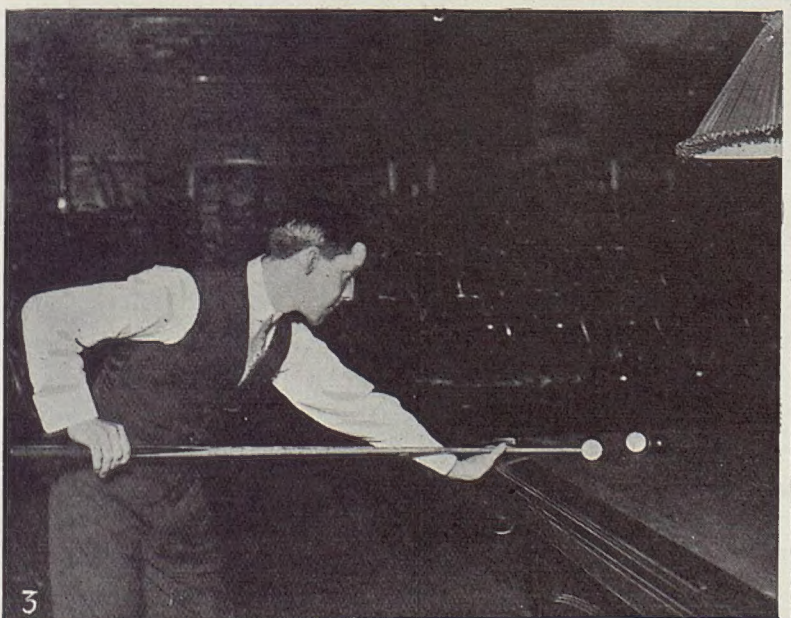
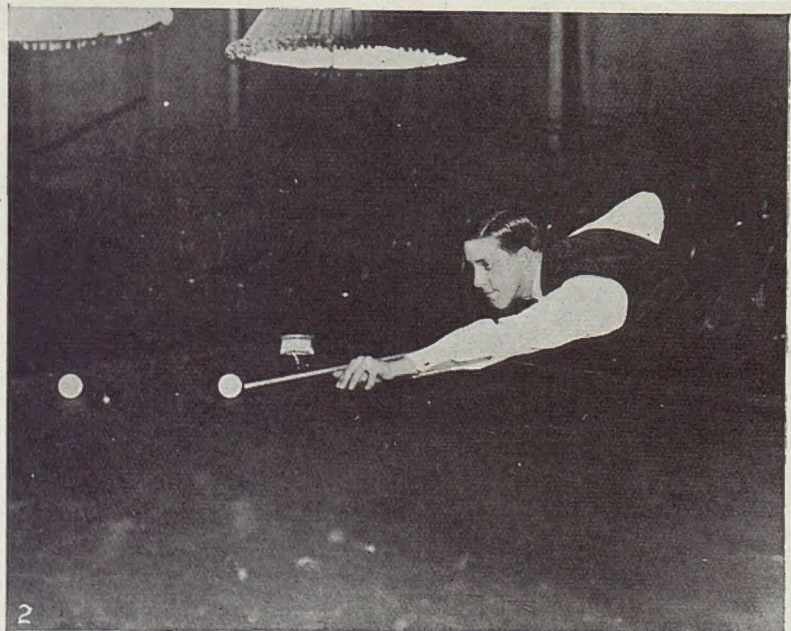
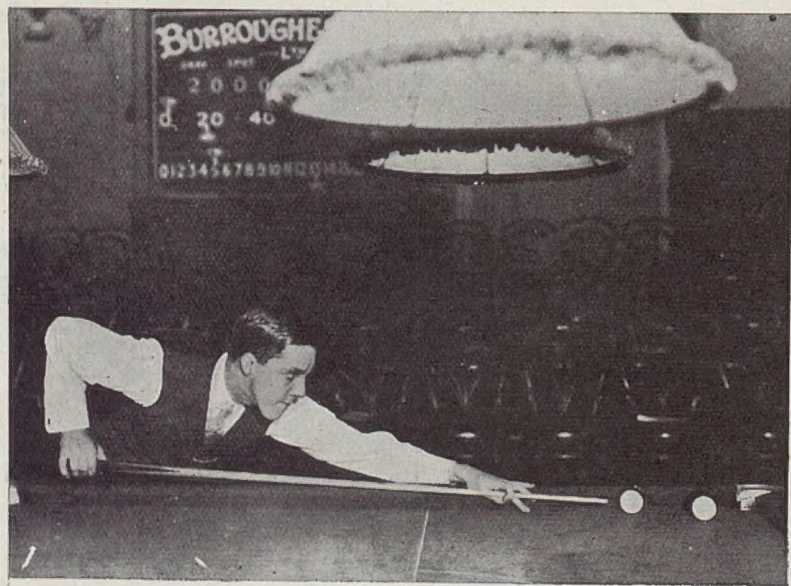
The love of colour is inherent in every noble soul;  
Men wear coloured socks; therefore,  
Men are noble souls.

Fancy such a distinguished feminist falling into so simple an error! Still, we need not dwell on that. The point Miss Hamilton really wishes to make is that, if men wear colours on their feet, why not on their heads? May I ask, on the other hand, why? Because we wear gloves on our hands, is that any reason why we should wear them on our ears?

Believe me, dear lady, these loosely written letters to the papers do no sort of harm to the hateful males. And now it is for you to say if they do any good to the too-too-perfect "females."



## A WORLD-CHALLENGER AT 19: THE NEW BILLIARD PRODIGY.



READY TO MEET ALL COMERS EXCEPT GEORGE GRAY ON EQUAL TERMS: TOM NEWMAN, THE YOUNG ENGLISH BILLIARD-PLAYER WHOSE MATCH WITH GRAY IS AROUSING SUCH INTEREST.

The billiard match between the Australian, George Gray, and the Englishman, Tom Newman, at the Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, has once more drawn special attention to the latter, who is the protégé of John Roberts. Newman, who receives 4000 in 18,000 up, will be twenty in March, and he has challenged any billiard-player in the world (Gray excepted) on level terms. The meeting has been made additionally noteworthy from the fact that it is Gray's first public appearance with

ivory balls. It was arranged that he and Newman should play three matches in all, each for £250 a side. Newman has this season defeated Inman, Reece, Aiken, and other well-known players, and before the match with Gray had made 79 breaks of 100 or more. On the second day of the match he made a splendid break of 413, and on the third day one of 257. The performances of Newman have naturally aroused the greatest interest among billiard-players, professional or amateur.

Photographs Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Sport and General.



## WHEN WINTER IS MOST ENJOYED: ICE AND SNOW SPORTS.



1. MR. MEYER, THE WELL-KNOWN SWEDISH SKATING INSTRUCTOR, OF ST. MORITZ.

2. THE GRAND-DUKE ANDRÉ OF RUSSIA SKATING AT ST. MORITZ.

3. COUNTESS LONYVAY (PRINCESS STÉPHANIE OF BELGIUM) SKATING AT ST. MORITZ.

4. MR. E. O. FEIGENSPAN, PRINCESS HOHENLOHE, MISS WILSON, MR. SENTA, AND MR. ULRICH SALCHOW; WITH THE BOB "MERCURY," AT ST. MORITZ.

5. CHILDREN OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON SKATING AT BEATENBERG: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE MARQUESS OF DOUGLAS, LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, LADY JEAN, AND LORD GEORGE.

6, 7, and 8. MR. GRENANDER GIVING AN EXHIBITION OF FIGURE-SKATING IN SWITZERLAND.

Winter-sports are in full swing. Here are some typical photographs illustrating them.—[Photographs by Rutz, C.N., and Lumsden-Dubost.]



# PEER'S SON AND DRAMATIST'S DAUGHTER.



IN A TABLEAU VIVANT: MISS ETHELWYN ARTHUR JONES, DAUGHTER OF MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, WHO HAS MARRIED THE HON. ANGUS McDONNELL, SON OF THE EARL OF ANTRIM. (INSET, MR. AND MRS. McDONNELL.)

It was announced at the end of last week that a marriage had taken place between Miss Ethelwyn Sylvia Arthur Jones (daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, and formerly the wife of Mr. Montagu Leveaux, now joint-manager of the Alhambra) and the Hon. Angus McDonnell, second son of the Earl of Antrim. The wedding took place at Evanston, in Illinois, on Dec. 13 last, and was to have remained a secret until Mrs. McDonnell had completed her engagement with a

theatrical company touring in the Western States. For all that, the secret leaked out. Mr. McDonnell has a large fruit-farm near Vancouver, and it is understood that his wife and himself will live there. At the moment, Mr. McDonnell is the guest of the Duke of Connaught at Ottawa. He was born in 1881. The bride began her theatrical career in the provinces in her father's plays, more especially in "The Manoeuvres of Jane" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan."

Photographs by Ellis and Walery and Farrington Photo. Co.



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## A SUCCESSFUL VOCAL RECITAL.

MISS ADELAIDE VAN STAVEREN, who gave a successful vocal recital at the Æolian Hall last week, is a young New Zealand lady who, if we are not mistaken, has already been heard at Covent Garden. Her powerful mezzo-soprano voice has been carefully trained in Italy, and she has made a very complete study of the dramatic side of her art. It may be said that few singers would have cared to carry the burden of such a heavy programme as Miss van Staveren's. The Scena from Parry's "King Saul" was not wisely chosen, and Schubert's "Die Junge Nonne" should have been placed higher up on the list, before the singer tired. At the same time, it is a pleasure to recognise Miss van Staveren's fine training and deep feeling for what is dramatic in music. Her weakness is in the mezza-voce, and in a tendency to give too freely of her resources. If she would develop her gift to the fullest extent, she must learn to spare herself. On the lyrical side her best contribution was, perhaps, Brahms's "Ständchen," though Schumann's "Ich hab im traum geweinet" was sung with complete understanding and expression. Somebody might have told Miss van Staveren that Meyerbeer's "Prophet" is no longer regarded as serious music, and that an English version of any part of it merely makes the vulgarity of the celebrated mock-musician sound more than ordinarily offensive. Mr. Mummery, who accompanied, did not achieve unqualified success in his responsible rôle. There was a suggestion of insufficient rehearsal and incomplete agreement. Miss van Staveren was very warmly applauded; she should have a future on the operatic stage.

"Everybody likes me" is the appropriate quotation for July 15, accompanied by the facsimile autograph, "Marie Tempest," in "The Marie Tempest Birthday-Book" (Stanley Paul, 1s. 6d. net). Everybody certainly likes her, and everybody will like the book, which gives a quotation for every day of the year from favourite Marie Tempest parts in various plays. Mr. Sidney Dark contributes a well-written introductory appreciation, and the book is illustrated with a number of charming photogravure portraits of Miss Tempest, in various characters and as she is in private life. We may mention that these portraits were reproduced on our own premises, by the same process as the weekly Photogravure Supplements of *The Sketch* and the *Illustrated London News*.

## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Mary's Marriage. Edmund Bosanquet. 6s.

Faith and Unfaith. James Blyth. 6s.

The Bonds of Africa. Owen Letcher. 12s. 6d.

The Purpose. Hubert Wales. 5s.

The Price of Conquest. Ellen Asa Smith. 6s.

Callista in Revolt. Olivia Ramsey. 6s.

METHUEN.

Once of the Angels. Evelyn Beacon. 6s.

Chance. Joseph Conrad. 6s.

GREENING.

Love and a Title. Flowerdew. 6s.

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Marthe. Reginald Nye. 6s.

STANLEY PAUL.

The Painted Lady. Arabella Kenaley. 6s.

The Queens of Aragon: Their Lives and Times. E. L. Miron. 16s. net.

His Magnificence. A. J. Anderson. 6s.

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The Marie Tempest Birthday-Book. 1s. 6d. net.

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The Four Faces. William Le Queux. 6s.

HUTCHINSON.

Pantomime. G. B. Stern. 6s.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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## A POTENTIAL NAPOLEON: "THE BEST SPANIARD IN SPAIN": LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE'S BILL.

**Napoleon IV.** The birth of a new little Bonaparte at Brussels has only received the honour of a paragraph in most of the newspapers, but in the cradle of that little boy lie all the hopes of those Frenchmen who still cherish an affection for the House of Napoleon. If this baby son of an exiled Prince should

be a genius, as his great-grand-uncle was, he might prove that leader of men for whom the French long and for whom France has been seeking since the days of Gambetta. The Bonapartes, since the early successes of Napoleon III., have been unlucky. Their star began to droop when Maximilian was left in the lurch in Mexico.



WOMAN AND WINTER-SPORT, AT ADELBODEN: A KICK TURN.

**The Prince Imperial.** The Prince Imperial had all the qualities that make a leader of men—one of which is reckless courage; but it was just this quality, that might have raised him to the Imperial Throne, which caused his death. He was too brave and too ready to take risks, and had he, on the fatal day that a Zulu assegai killed him, waited for the escort of Basutos which should have accompanied him as well as the men of the Irregular Horse, he might be alive to-day and on the throne of France. But he was too contemptuous of danger.

**A Story of Zululand.** I do not know that a narrow escape that the Prince Imperial had before the final advance into Zululand began has ever been told in print. He was attached to the Quartermaster-General's staff, and was given some of the ordinary work to do that falls to officers in that department. He was burning to see some active service, and he told Lord Chelmsford that he could understand that he was set to make maps in order that he should run no risks. One of the Staff Officers of the Department wanted to see with his own eyes part of the country over which the advance was to be made, and, accompanied by the Prince and a very small escort, rode out on a scouting expedition. Leaving the escort behind, they—the Staff Officer and the Prince Imperial—rode up on to a hill which commanded a wide view. There were prowling Zulus about, and some of these cut off retreat by the path up which the two had ridden. The Staff Officer, however, who knew his business, had marked down an alternative line of retreat, and he and the Prince Imperial, riding down a narrow cattle-path at breakneck pace, just managed to get clear before the Zulus could intercept their retreat by this line.

### The Best Spaniard in Spain.

It is a pleasant memory to me that I saw something of the abilities and the good-nature and the enthusiasm of the Prince Imperial, for just at the time that he went up-country from Natal to join the Staff of Lord Chelmsford, I, too, was going up to join my corps in Zululand, having just recovered from a bout of enteric fever, and I

journeyed most of the way in the Prince's company. I never met a more eager soldier, or one more determined to distinguish himself at any cost. Had he lived, he might very well have been to France what King Alfonso is proving himself to be to Spain. We in England hardly appreciate the great part that the fearless King of Spain is playing in giving new life and unity to his country. No matter to what party they belong, all Spaniards admire the absolute fearlessness of their ruler, and one of the most resolute Republican leaders in the country said of him that he is "the best Spaniard in Spain." It may be that the little baby just born to Princess Victor Napoleon may be some day hailed as "the best Frenchman in France."

**Noblesse Oblige.** It was said when the play "The Englishman's Home" was produced that all the people in the stalls thought that all the people in the gallery should at once enlist. The Bill which Lord Willoughby de Broke intends to introduce into the House of Lords is to put pressure on the upper classes to set an example to the mechanics and workmen and labourers by qualifying themselves to lead before they ask the labouring classes to serve. Lord Willoughby de Broke and those who think with him, of whom I am one, hold that every boy who goes to a school at which there is a cadet corps (and a cadet corps should be made part of the organisation of every school to which the sons of gentlemen go) should serve in the cadet corps unless he is exempted on grounds of ill-health, and that every young man at a university should become a member of the Officers' Training Corps and pass the necessary tests before obtaining a degree, unless he, too, claims exemption on the plea of ill-health or for some other legitimate cause.

### The Right End to Begin.

If Lord Willoughby de Broke's Bill should become law, no man would be admitted to the practice of any of the higher professions until he had qualified to serve his country as a soldier in case of national emergency, and the nocks of those exempted



INACCURATE: THE WRONG WAY OF STEMMING—OR "BRAKING" (COMMONLY KNOWN AMONGST BEGINNERS AS STICK-RIDING).



ACCURATE: THE CORRECT METHOD OF STEMMING (OR "BRAKING")—A WINTER-SPORT PHOTOGRAPH FROM ADELBODEN.

would be touched by a graduated tax upon their incomes. If the classes who would be affected by this law approve of it, it is difficult to see what objection the representatives of the labouring classes could make to it; and certainly it would carry much weight with the boys of a village, when the Squire advised them to join the Territorials, if they knew that the Squire himself and all the men of his class had gone through that training which they recommended to the sons of their dependents.



WHEN THE SNOW IS "STICKY" OR THE SKIS HAVE NOT BEEN PROPERLY GREASED! SCRAPING THE SNOW FROM THE SURFACE OF A CLOGGED SKI WITH THE EDGE OF THE OTHER, AT ADELBODEN.

Photographs by Spencer.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



MR. MAURICE HEWLETT—FOR CHANGING HIS SANDAL SHOON FOR THE BUSKIN OF COMEDY.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's one-act piece, "The Ladies' Comedy," formed part of the triple bill arranged for a special matinée at the Little Theatre yesterday, Feb. 3.—Princess Victor Napoleon, wife of the Bonapartist claimant to the throne of France, recently gave birth to a son and heir.—Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the veteran Socialist leader, now in his seventy-second year, is engaged to Miss Rosalind Travers, only



PRINCESS VICTOR NAPOLEON—FOR GIVING FRANCE A NEW NAPOLEON, NOT VERY BONEY.



MR. H. M. HYNDMAN—FOR LIKING THE MARRIAGE TIE AS MUCH AS THE RED TIE.

child of Major and Mrs. Travers, of Arundel. Mr. Hyndman's first wife died last year. We use the expression "the red tie" as a common symbol of Socialism. We do not know whether Mr. Hyndman wears one.—In the recent winter sports competitions at Villars, Switzerland, the Hirst Curling Cup was won by the side "skipped" (that is, captained) by Colonel Helyar.



COLONEL HELYAR—FOR "SKIPPING" OFF WITH THE HIRST CURLING CUP AT VILLARS.

Photographs by Bonté, Barratt, and C.N.



LORD FALCONER—FOR HIS HEIR'S-BREADTH ESCAPE, AND BEING PICKED UP BY THE PEACHES.



GENERAL BOTHA—FOR PROVIDING ADDITIONS TO THE CAST OF "THE DEAR DEPORTED."



MRS. THOMAS AND MISS ANGELA GIBBONS—FOR MAKING MR. E. F. BENSON INCLINED TO SAY, "DODO IT AGAIN."



HERR BALLIN—FOR RE-QUIRING AN EMPEROR TO RECONCILE HIM WITH HIS RIVALS.



COMMANDER EVANS—FOR INVENTING THE "SORBONNE FRENCH IN A FORTNIGHT" SYSTEM.

Lord Falconer, son and heir of the Earl of Kintore, was a guest, with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, on board Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt's steam-yacht "Warrior," recently wrecked on the coast of Colombia. (See "In the Great World" page.) The United Fruit Company's steamers "Frutera" and "Almirante" went to the rescue.—"The Dear Departed" is a scene in the Empire revue, "Nuts and Wine."—The annual waltzing competition on the ice

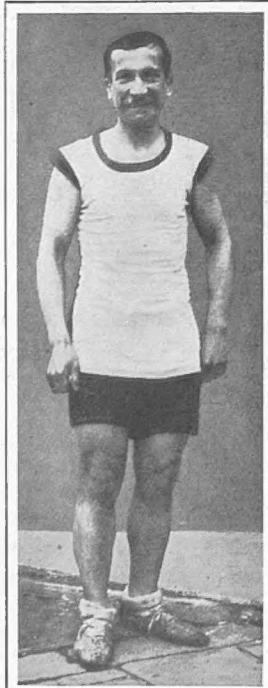
at Villars was won by Mrs. Thomas and Miss Angela Gibbons. One of the judges was Mr. E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo."—It was reported the other day that the Kaiser was trying to reconcile Herr Ballin, Director-General of the Hamburg-America Line, and Herr Heineken, of the Norddeutscher Lloyd, protagonists in the Atlantic rate war.—Commander Evans read a paper in French at the Sorbonne last week. He had only begun to learn French about a fortnight before.

Photographs by Lafayette, Mills, C.N., Langfieri.



MISS HILDA PECKHAM—FOR HAVING THE VENUS DE MILO'S FEET—AND RIVALLING CHICAGO.

Miss Hilda Peckham, it is reported, has challenged the claim of a Chicago beauty, Miss Yvonne Chapple, to possess the most perfect feet in the world. They are compared with those of the Venus de Milo.—Mr. C. W. Hart, the athlete, recently ran from Brighton to London and back and then to London (156 miles)



MR. C. W. HART—FOR BEING OF THE SAME HERD AS THE "NORWICH DEER."



LOKD LYTTON—FOR NOT BE-ING LAST OF THE BARONS, BUT FIRST EARL ON SKI.

in 44 hours 47 sec. His performance recalls the exploits of old-time road-runners like "the Norfolk Stag" and "the Norwich Deer."—Lord Lytton recently ascended the Mittaghorn on ski.—It is reported that Miss Clothilde Luise, Doctor of Law, has been appointed an Attaché at the Uruguay Embassy in Brussels.

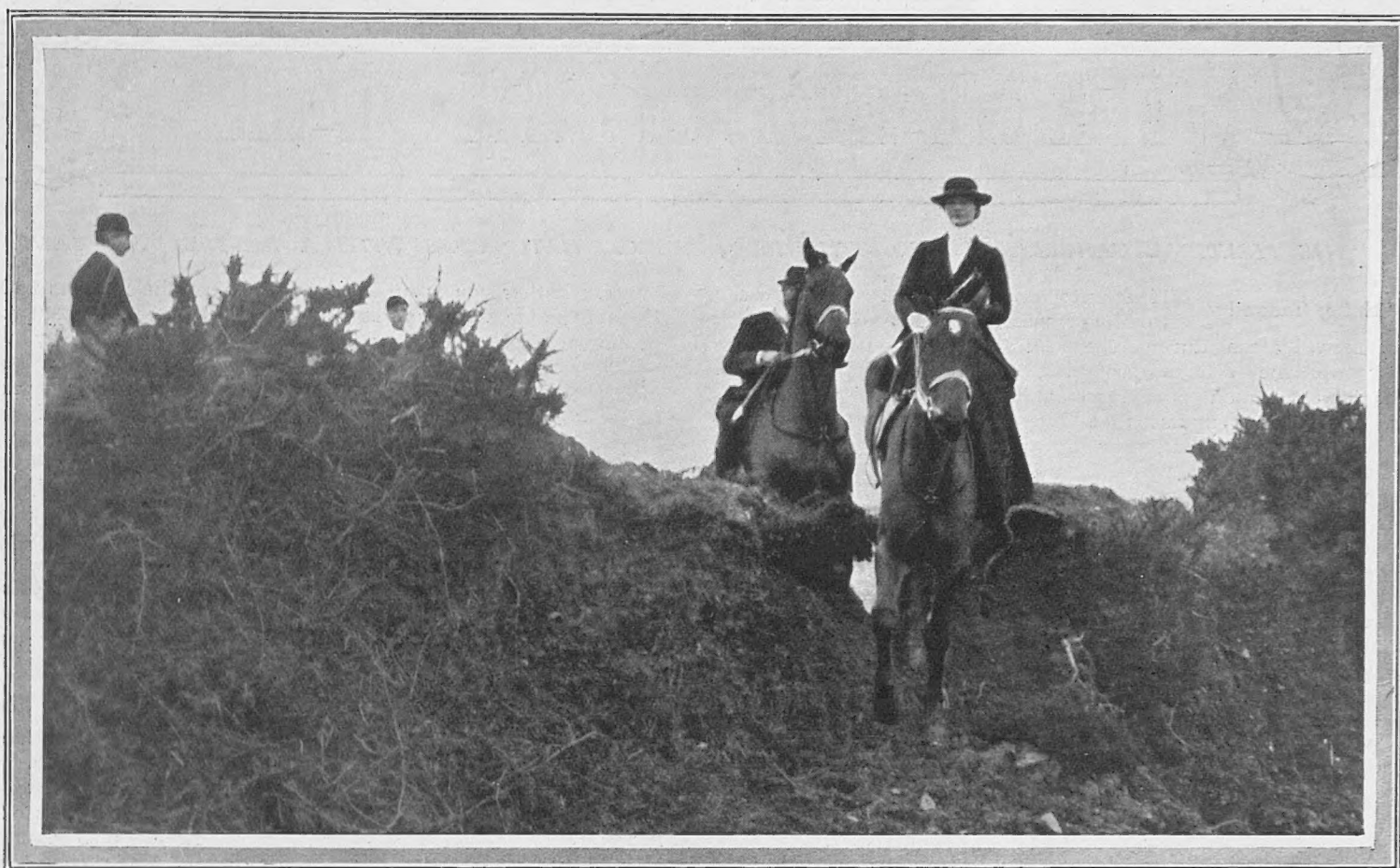


DR. CLOTHILDE LUISE—FOR PROVING WOMAN CAN SHINE IN DIPLOMACY AS WELL AS IN "DIPLOMACY."

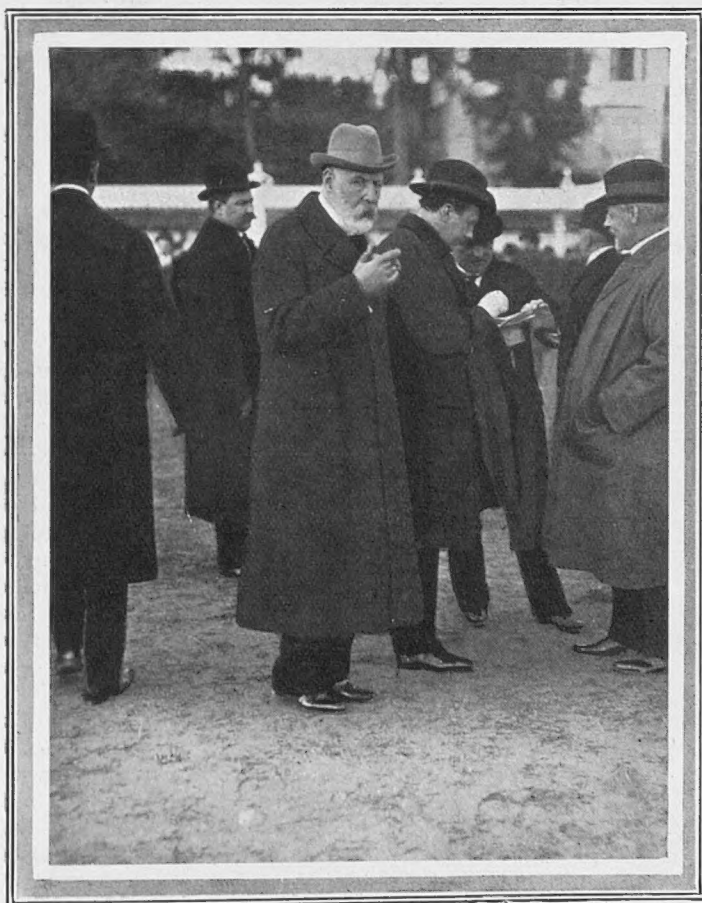
Photographs by International News Service, C.N. and Record Press.



## HUNTING THE FOX AND HUNTING THE SUN: SNAPSHOTS.



BETTER FUN THAN BEING ON THE STAGE: MRS. IAN BULLOUGH (FORMERLY MISS LILY ELSIE) CLEARING A BANK DURING A RUN WITH THE MUSKERRY FOXHOUNDS, OF WHICH HER HUSBAND IS MASTER.



SNAPSHOTTED AT MONTE CARLO: LORD MICHELHAM, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

There have been various rumours from time to time that Mrs. Ian Bullough the former Miss Lily Elsie, of "Merry Widow" and other fame) might be persuaded to return to the stage, but she has said again recently that she has not the least intention of doing so.—The marriage of the seventh Earl Poulett and Miss Sylvia



ON THE RIVIERA: EARL POULETT (ON THE LEFT) AND COUNTESS POULETT (FORMERLY MISS SYLVIA STOREY).

Lilian Storey, the actress and daughter of Fred Storey, the artist and comedian, took place in 1908. Lord and Lady Poulett left Monte Carlo for Egypt a few days ago.—Lord Michelham, the first Baron, is well known as a philanthropist and as an Alderman of the London County Council. His peerage dates from 1905.

Photographs by Poole and Navello.





**"THE PRINCIPAL TANGERINE" AND OTHERS: A REVUE THAT "GOES WITH A RATTLE AND BANG."**

"Hullo, Tango!" If I were cross-examined upon oath as to the respective plots of all the revues seen by me during the last twelve months, I should throw up the sponge promptly, yet I much pride myself upon my memory in such matters. This may suggest that they all resemble one another closely, and they do, and particularly the latest that one sees. And yet "Hullo, Tango!" has its distinctive features; indeed, it is one of the brightest that I have witnessed. I won't say, the brightest: how can I tell? After all, the critic's judgment in such matters is intensely subjective, and comparisons are impossible unless he has a record of the mood and circumstances under which he was present. I have one grumble against the Hippodrome show—and others: I feel strongly that there ought to be an interval giving me a chance of five or ten minutes' leg-stretching during the two-hours' entertainment. People who are protesting against the Tango, and even getting rather tired of the name and subject, need not keep away from the Hippodrome from any fear of too much Tango, for there is little concerning the Argentine dance after the very first scene, where Miss Ethel Levey—whom I venture to call the principal Tangerine—sings a song and does a dance upon the subject. Miss Levey really takes the orange—she is quite the most remarkable performer in London Revue-land. Her vigorous singing and enunciation, so perfect that you hear every word; her energetic dancing, in which she gives you the idea that she has borrowed a pair of legs—well-shaped ones—and does not care tuppence if they come to grief; her restless energy, and that indefinable suggestion of *le diable au corps*—it would sound rude if translated—render her a startling person with an irresistible attraction. There were moments in her Spanish dance—too brief, alas!—when she reminded me of two stanzas by Gautier—

Ses cils palpitent sur  
ses joues.  
Comme des ailes,  
d'oiseau noir,  
Et sa bouche arquée  
a des moues  
A mettre un saint  
au désespoir.

and also—

Et parmi sa pâleur  
éclate  
Une bouche aux  
rires vainqueurs;  
Piment rouge, fleur  
écarlate,  
Qui prend sa pourpre  
au sang des cœurs.

But she is generally  
merry or saucily,  
broadly comic.

Mr. Tate as a  
"Goffer."

The word "comic" brings me to Mr. Harry Tate and his comic golf. Perhaps some people think that "golf" is too sacred a subject to jest about, but Mr. Tate has a very small bump of veneration—he has even, I am told, been known to make fun of angling! One could wish that there were a little more subtlety in his method, and yet it cannot be denied that he is very funny and makes you

laugh, whether you want to or not, in his frantic efforts to hit the ball off the tee and desperate struggles with some impertinent pieces of tissue paper. Moreover, he is capably supported by a comic caddie whose name ought to appear on the programme. Harry—I hope I am not speaking too familiarly—also earned a good deal of laughter by an aviation scene in which he was helped generously by Miss Ethel Levey. Some of the jokes are a trifle too elementary: still, he had the audience on his side. There is also quite a funny scene between Mr. Morris Harvey as a book-keeper explaining accounts to his employer, and the more you know about book-keeping the more you laugh—indeed, a well-known accountant seated near me almost had a fit at Mr. Harvey's system of contra items. For my sins—and generally other people's, too—I have to study during the year a great many accounts, and have come to the conclusion that accountants, like doctors with their prescriptions, on purpose make their documents into "things no fellah can understand"—to use a phrase of the once-famous Lord Dundreary. Mr. Harvey also was rather amusing in the burlesque of "Diplomacy," where we had that wonderfully successful melodrama boiled down; and Mr. Gerald Kirby contrived to suggest another Gerald who is immensely popular with the ladies. Miss Levey, as Comtesse Zicka, did not try to mimic Miss Ellis Jeffreys, but was diverting in her own way as the naughty adventuress.

Of course, "Hullo, Tango!"

The Pretty Parts.

It does not confine itself to the comic. It presents Miss Shirley Kellogg, quite a favourite at the Hippodrome; and Miss Julia James is in the company—a young lady who acted cleverly in "Improper Peter," and has since, I believe, been one of the pets of Paris. But in this revue she has not much to do.

Of course, too, there is the Hippodrome Beauty Chorus, in wonderful costumes designed by the ubiquitous Bakst about which I am incompetent to express an opinion, though I should like to do so. There are lots of songs and dances, and, incidentally, one may note that the songs are not too long—a common fault. The whole affair goes with something like a rattle and bang: I won't say there are no dull moments (personally, I thought the comic prize-fight tiresome and not in the best of taste), but the balance was well to the good. "Hullo, Tango!" is not the

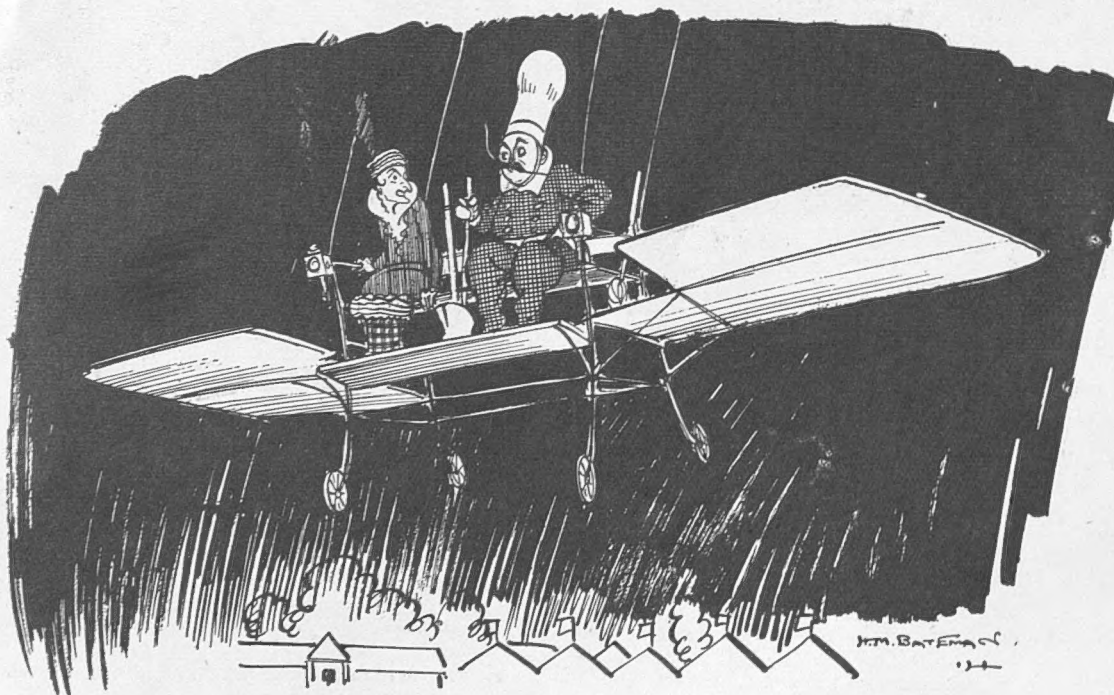
revue we are hoping for—the one with witty dialogue and some genuine comic invention by a London Aristophanes—but it delighted the house and contained a good deal for the entertainment of the critical.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).



THE SPIRIT OF "HULLO, TANGO!"  
MISS ETHEL LEVEY.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



"UPSIDE-DOWN" AIRMANSHIP IN "HULLO, TANGO!" MISS ETHEL LEVEY AND MR. HARRY TATE.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "HULLO, TANGO!"



## TANGOERS AND TANGOETTES: CARICATURES AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

"Hullo, Tango!" the London Hippodrome's latest revue, is by Messrs. Max Pemberton and Albert P. de Courville; has lyrics by George Arthurs and music by Louis Hirsch. Miss Ethel Levey and Mr. Harry Tate are the bright particular stars.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.





## THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

"WE always say our Grace separately, you know," was a young Duchess's manner of explaining that she never went to dinner-parties with her Duke. The fashion is an old one, but not yet dead. Hostesses are still called upon to keep abreast with the somewhat involved affairs of certain ducal couples. The Duke and Duchess of Manchester, on the other hand, not only dine together, they yacht together and are wrecked together.



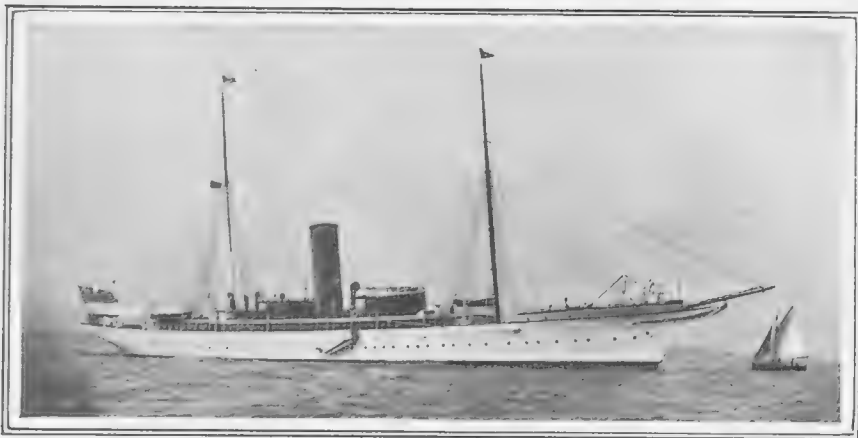
THE DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER.

Her Grace, whose marriage took place in 1900, is Helena, daughter of Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati. She has four children, two sons and two daughters.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

Duchess is a daily occurrence, and has been since their marriage fourteen years ago.

The Zimmermans. Fourteen years ago they married, having met for the first time, also fourteen years ago, at a fancy-dress ball in New York. Miss Zimmerman of Cincinnati she then was—a girl in a thousand, and, moreover, a girl with a million. She was the only child of a man whose wealth, and way of getting to it, are equally astounding to the average Englishman. Both his father and mother died when he was a boy; he got into Farmer's College, Ohio, but on the declaration of hostilities between North and South, left his desk abruptly for the more ample schooling of warfare. Having come through the campaign with a distinguished record and the rank of naval commander, he bought with his savings an interest in a mill and timber-yard, sold out two years later, put his money into petroleum, sold out to the Standard Oil Company, became engineer-in-chief to two important railways which were then building, invested heavily in further railways, and later became their president. He ends by being the director of more lines than England would find room for without running her rolling-stock into the sea.



THE SHIP TO WHOSE RAILS THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER WERE LASHED: MR. FREDERICK VANDERBILT'S YACHT "WARRIOR," WHICH WENT ASHORE ON THE COLOMBIAN COAST.

Great interest was aroused by the statement that Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt's steam-yacht "Warrior" had gone ashore on the Colombian coast, with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, Lord Falconer, and others aboard. The first news was of rather an alarming nature. Then came reports of the safety of all concerned, to the help of whom several ships, called by the yacht's wireless, had hurried. There was danger for all that; for the United Fruit Company's steamer, "Frutera," which first went to the rescue, lost all her boats while trying to launch them in the terrific seas. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt and their guests were lashed to the rails of the "Warrior," as there was danger of their being washed overboard by the mountainous waves.

Photograph by Kirk.

### Consuelo of Good Counsel.

Between the Duke of Manchester and his father-in-law, and between the affairs of the one and the other, there exists the most perfect dissimilarity. An American mother and an American wife have not sufficed to turn the Duke into anything of an American, or to endow him with the financial genius of a Zimmerman or Ysnaga. His mother, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, was not without the ability that is no mean part of the inheritance of the daughters of the United States. Into her hands, in comparatively recent years, passed the enormous Californian fortune of her brother, Mr. Ysnaga, and with it came a dozen financial problems.

### The Manageress.

It fell to her to apportion large incomes to her sisters, Lady Lister Kaye and Miss Emily Ysnaga, and to cope with some of the difficulties of her son's estate. She faced an involved situation with the understanding of a man, and all the while was filling her place in the social scheme of smart London to perfection. The deaths of her husband (two years after his succession to the Dukedom), of her twin daughters shortly after their début, and later, of her brother, left her in a singularly lonely position. From the time of her advent in England, when she became a member of what was known as "the Marlborough House set," she was the friend of the late King and of Queen Alexandra, and was, up to a point, the leader of Anglo-American society in London. In Grosvenor Square, at Goodwood, at Cowes, wherever there was a crowd (a crowd in the restricted sense proper to enclosures and preserves), Consuelo was the centre of the familiar group. She was essentially a person fit for the more lively forms of social intercourse; her easy laugh and unburdened manner made her attention to the difficult and burdensome affairs of the house of Montagu all the more notable.



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

William Angus Drogo Montagu, P.C., ninth Duke of Manchester, was born on March 3, 1877, and succeeded in 1892. In 1906-1907 he was Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. He is also Baron Montagu of Kimbolton, Viscount Mandeville, and Earl of Manchester. These titles were first borne by Sir Henry Montagu, who was M.P. for London, Recorder of London, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Lord Treasurer of England, and Lord Privy Seal, and became Baron and Viscount in 1620, and Earl in 1626. The first Duke received that title in 1719. He served at the Battle of the Boyne, was Ambassador to Venice, to France, and to Vienna, Principal Secretary of State, and a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to George I.

Photograph by Vandyk.

### Americans of the Future.

The younger Duchess has not hastened to fill her mother-in-law's place in London Society. Hardly more than an informal dance or two in Grosvenor Square has marked her removal from Friary Court to the house where Consuelo once reigned to considerable purpose. Ireland and America see more of the Duke and Duchess than does London, and although his Grace gets his familiar name of "Kim" from Kimbolton Castle, St. Neots, both he and his wife have preferred to spend most of their time at Kylemore Castle, their place in Connemara. America proves hardly less attractive, and though he himself belongs to the States only on his mother's side, his Grace is responsible for a very close linking-up of an English Dukedom with the Democracy of the West. His children have American blood on both sides; and the future Duke may even speak with an accent as much of New York as of Cambridge.



## BOTH "PEERAGE": THE LEGH-MEYSEY-THOMPSON MARRIAGE.



1. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. PETER'S.

2. A BRIDESMAID.

3. LADY KNARESBOROUGH, WITH THE HON. DORIS AND THE HON. GWENDOLEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON, TWO OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.

4. MISS DINAH TENNANT, ONE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.

5. MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM, ONE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.

The wedding of the Hon. Richard William Davenport Legh, elder son of Lord and Lady Newton, and the Hon. Helen Meysey-Thompson, second daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last week, the Rev. the Hon. A. Lawley and the Rev. Harold Trask officiating. The bridesmaids were ten: the bride's two young sisters, the Hon. Doris and the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson;

the bridegroom's two young sisters, the Hon. Hilda and the Hon. Phyllis Legh; the bridegroom's cousins, the Misses Joan and Kathleen Kinloch; Lady Winifred Cecil; Miss Lavinia Bingham; Miss Dinah Tennant; and Miss Veronica Christie-Miller. There was a reception at 86, Brook Street. The honeymoon is being spent in the South of France.—[Photographs by Topical, News Illus., S. and G., and Illustrations Bureau.]





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE day of silver trowels and golden keys is past. When the King visits Chester at the end of the month, he will open a new wing of the Infirmary by pressing an electric button; his Majesty will afterwards lay a foundation-stone at Port Sunlight by pressing a second button, a third will open a new park in Birkenhead, and a fourth lay the foundation of the Wallasey Town Hall. The intention is to honour his Majesty by a display of every sort of labour-saving ingenuity; and the intention will be graciously appreciated. But does the opening of gates or the laying of foundations by the King mean very much if gates and foundations are kept at such a terribly respectful distance from the touch of the royal hand?



BARON CARL EVERT AKERHIELM, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS MARY DOROTHY SCARISBRICK WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 31.

Baron Akerhielm is Councillor and First Secretary of the Swedish Legation in London. Owing to the Swedish Court mourning, it was arranged that the wedding should be quiet.—[Photo. by Swaine.]

together; and the monarch of the properly ordered scientific realm of the future may prove to be a person who wears his crown, so to speak, by electricity, or telephone, or film. But it

Press, or Suppress? There is an end, obviously, to the ceremonial uses of the electric button; and the King, in all probability, will not let its inroads on the picturesqueness of Court life go much farther. Perhaps some day, instead of pressing buttons, his Majesty will suppress them. If the ingenuity shown in Cheshire were carried to a logical conclusion, his Majesty would be spared the trouble of travelling into the provinces. Everything, including the opening of Parliament and the watching of races, might be contrived for him in Buckingham Palace if Mr. Wells and Mr. Edison put their heads

made in the wrong hands—or the wrong feet—you are pretty sure to find a verdict of guilty. And so, in this instance, it was. The picture of the modest girl giving her exhibition to the Puritan Cardinal seems to demand a painter—how Heilbuth would have delighted in it! We do not yet hear what they say of the Tango in Seville, the only city in which ecclesiastics are familiar with dancing figures. For there, on a great festa, in the sanctuary of the Cathedral, some youths, arrayed in white satin, are set a-dancing. After all, it is custom that counts in these matters—for the waltz was quite as severely censured when it first appeared as is the Tango at the present time.

happens that neither King George nor his subjects are anxious for that particular phase of a New Age.

Go Tan!

A beautiful girl and a pious, belonging to clerical circles in Paris, and well known also in Rome, was commandeered to show the Tango steps to the Cardinal Archbishop in the French capital. When you look at a thing on purpose to discover how improper it might be



ENGAGED TO MISS KATHLEEN FITZGERALD: CAPTAIN MICHAEL L. LAKIN MASTER OF THE WEXFORD.

Captain Lakin, late of the 11th Hussars, is the youngest son of Sir Michael Lakin, first Baronet, who is a County Alderman of Warwickshire, has been High Sheriff, and has been Mayor of Warwick.—[Photograph by Poole.]

The King and Queen at Port Sunlight by no means get to the end of the Lever territory. Stafford House they know thoroughly, but a large slice of the Congo is also Sir William's, and, like his two islands in the Pacific, will hardly be honoured by a royal visit. Leverage, in the Congo, is already a town of some importance, and Hull Island and Flint Island, though they take an interesting place in Sir William's schemes for the cleansing of mankind, are washed by waves in the remoter spaces of the ocean. Visitors, however, sometimes find them out, as when the astronomers discovered that they offered the only real point of vantage for observing a solar eclipse. Sir William, always hospitable, had the pleasure of housing the scientists and their telescopes for the occasion. But not without a smile at the expense of the sun, which was thus forced to expose a black face to the home of earthly cleanliness!

Lever Lands. The King and Queen at Port

Stafford House they know thoroughly, but a large slice of the Congo is also Sir William's, and, like his two islands in the Pacific, will hardly be honoured by a royal visit. Leverage, in the Congo, is already a town of some importance, and Hull Island and Flint Island, though they take an interesting place in Sir William's schemes for the cleansing of mankind, are washed by waves in the remoter spaces of the ocean. Visitors, however, sometimes find them out, as when the astronomers discovered that they offered the only real point of vantage for observing a solar eclipse. Sir William, always hospitable, had the pleasure of housing the scientists and their telescopes for the occasion. But not without a smile at the expense of the sun, which was thus forced to expose a black face to the home of earthly cleanliness!



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN MICHAEL L. LAKIN: MISS KATHLEEN FITZGERALD.

Miss Fitzgerald is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, and of Lady Maurice Fitzgerald, of Johnstown Castle, Wexford. Thus she is a cousin of the Duke of Leinster; and she is also a niece of Lord Granard, who is her mother's half-brother.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



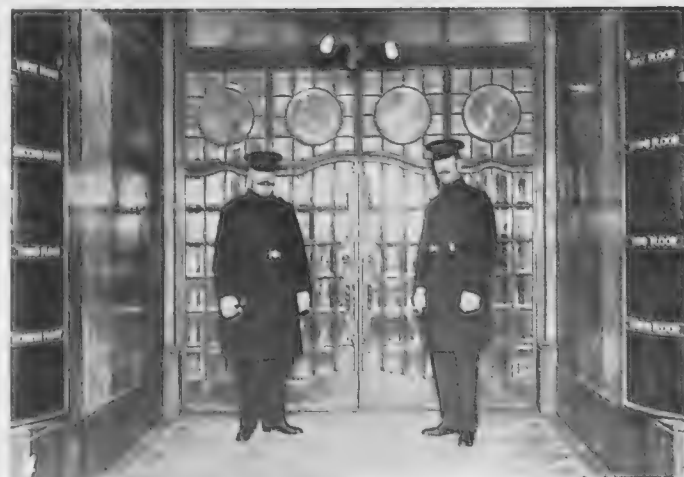
MISS MARY DOROTHY SCARISBRICK, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO BARON CARL EVERT AKERHIELM WAS FIXED FOR JAN. 31.

The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. C. F. M. Scarisbrick, and of Mrs. Scarisbrick, of 31, Ashley Gardens, and niece of Lady Naylor-Leyland.

Photograph by Gabell.



## LATER LONDON: THE NEW SUPPER CLUBS: III.—THE FOUR HUNDRED.



1. A CORNER OF THE LOUNGE.
2. THE BAND IN THE SUPPER AND DANCING - HALL.
3. MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE FOUR HUNDRED AT SUPPER.

4. THE ENTRANCE TO THE FOUR HUNDRED SUPPER CLUB.
5. A LADY MEMBER SIGNING HER NAME IN THE BOOK IN THE ENTRANCE - HALL.

We have already published photographs of two of the new supper clubs—the Lotus and Murray's; here are photographs of the Four Hundred, and we may note, as we did under the other photographs, that it is evident that London desires to keep later hours, or, at all events, is growing resentful of the fact that the authorities ring the

curfew at night at so early an hour, comparatively, that it is difficult to find reasonable time for supper in restaurants or hotels, especially as plays are finishing later than they used to do. Hence the supper clubs; for at all of these, of course, members may sup as late as they please.

*Photographs Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Sport and General.*





## BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

IT is possible, probable even, that in the course of time the wheel may come full circle and those of us who have growing daughters now may find that once more the young girl has come into her own. But at present, in spite of the fun the "flapper" manages to get out of her brief life, it does certainly seem to me that the whole of society at the hour when it is amusing itself revolves not around the pleasure and happiness of the "bud," the débutante, the Miss who may without undue frankness be described as looking for a husband, but about the young married woman, the young matron.

Even to me, living remote and solitary, unaccustomed to those scenes of decorous revelry in which the matriche is danced from four to seven, it very quickly became abundantly clear that the person who gets the good time to-day is the young wife, even the young mother. Things are arranged for her. She has energy and she has charm, she is good fun, she is not perhaps in little things too scrupulous, she has what is in effect

an offensive and defensive alliance with all the other young married women of her circle—and she gets things done. Each young wife has a surrounding of seemly admirers who one after another minister to her pleasure, arrange parties for the theatre, and manage to provide the dozen other things that amuse for an hour. She makes up the party and asks her women friends and they bring their admirers. I believe it to be all very proper, very harmless in any considerable sense of the word, but I know it also to be rather hard on the young girl who, whether she is merely bent on having a good time during her brief period of

Naturally there are young girls who do more than hold their own, who have secured and who keep successfully a place even in those circles in which the married woman is most powerful. But they have secured that ascendancy by the rarest talents, by a certain ruthlessness, by knowing a little more, being a little more *rusées* than their older rivals, over whom, if they can only make use of it, they have the sometimes considerable advantage of having no proprietor, no occasionally exigent husband in the background. And in securing it they have lost a great deal. They have certainly lost in charm, in sweetness, what they have gained in efficiency, in knowledge. In a phrase, they have a hard look.

Of course twenty years or more ago things were very different from what they are now. Even my own memory tells me that at that quiet time not only was middle age generally frank and sometimes becoming, but that the young married woman took quite happily and without protest her place in her own and her husband's circles. I am quite prepared to believe that she didn't find life quite as amusing as she would find it to-day, and, more, I am inclined to believe that in that far-away epoch the fact that she was married was made by her family and her friends an excuse for leaving her out of their calculations when gaiety was toward, and that she didn't have her proper share of the joy of life. After all, she couldn't always be ordering her husband's dinner, darning his socks, and adding to his family.

But the pendulum has swung too far. For one thing, the young married woman works too hard. She generally doesn't see her husband before he goes off to work in the morning—she has to sleep off the effect of last night's gaiety. But that is almost her only concession to health and a reasonable way of life, and perhaps it isn't the happiest concession to make. She works so hard at amusing herself, at seeing that her various little social arrangements don't go awry, that, years before they are due, those tell-tale lines come round her eyes and her mouth. From her picture-galleries, her calls, her Tango teas, she has to hurry away at six o'clock so that she may satisfy her maternal instinct with at least half-an-hour's playing with her babies. She has to dress in a hurry so that before she goes out to dinner or her guests arrive she may have time to kiss the little ones good-night. She has to prevent the clashing of her admirers. She has to keep her husband in a good temper.

Why not relax the pace just a little? Why not so arrange matters that the young girls of her acquaintance do get an occasional look-in? Why not be satisfied with only a part of the homage of all the pleasing, marriageable young men she knows?

Besides, she should remember that even pleasant, marriageable young men have work to do in the world. Dangling is neither a profession in itself nor a very promising preparation for either a profession or a trade.



RETIRED BY HAY FEVER: LORD DENMAN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA; AND HIS WIFE.

It has been heard with considerable regret that Lord Denman, who has been Governor-General of Australia since 1911, is about to retire owing to ill-health, and it is said that this ill-health is represented by that very trying complaint, hay-fever. According to the "Birmingham Post," his Lordship, who is not forty until November, has suffered for many years from hay-fever, "which is very discomfiting in slightly high temperatures, or when the aroma of flowers permeates a room. When Lord Denman became Colonel of the Gentlemen-at-Arms, flowers were always conspicuous by their absence from the dinner-table at the mess. As sure as could be, if a vase of flowers were near him he would be seized with an attack of sneezing. At Balcombe Place, his Sussex seat, it was not an unusual thing for him to retire to the cool of the cellars of the house whenever the hay-fever symptoms came upon him. He would spend hours there reading until the fever had subsided."—[Photograph by C.N.]

unfolding, or is seriously concerned in finding a partner either for a dance or for life, doesn't, confronted with such thoughtless and yet capable competition, get anything like a fair chance.



THE WIFE OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR TO THIS COUNTRY: MME. INOUE.

Before her marriage, Mme. Inouye was known as Suye, daughter of Seiji Ozawa, and niece of the Marquis Inouye. His Excellency, Katsunoske Inouye, Japanese Ambassador in London since last year, is a son of the Marquis Inouye. At the Spectacle-Makers' Company dinner last week, he spoke notably on Anglo-Japanese friendship and the importance of naval power.—[Photograph by Hoppe.]



*After the Tango—What? Guides for the Next Dance Craze.*



FROM ARGENTINA TO THE LAND OF THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR: DANCES OF THE NATIONS:  
No. IV.—THE BOWERY BUCK DANCE—FROM THE U.S.A.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



# FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

## SUNDAY SCHOOL—"ON THE SEVENTH DAY" . . .

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

ONE more month, amiable readers, and we shall be able to smell spring, to breathe it in before it is actually there. The Sunday before last, I went with Germaine along the Thames banks, and the lilac-branches in the riverside gardens were already swelling. Germaine gripped my sleeve excitedly as she pointed at the promise enclosed under the tender bark. "Look at *zat!*" she cried. "Spring is coming—the trees are *shouting!*"—which was so much better than merely shooting, was it not?

On the evening of that same day we went to the theatre and saw Mr. Zangwill's play, "The Melting Pot," at the Court. It was as good as a sermon (a good sermon), as beneficial as a country walk, as stirring as a day in March. I cannot imagine a better Sunday programme than early mass in the fields and late service at the theatre—thanksgiving to Nature, and communion with your fellow-beings.

Mr. Zangwill's play is a sermon on hell—the real one, that which we make for others in the pit where racial and religious prejudices smoulder ever, now and then to become mad bursts of flame that dye red the very heavens. And it was ever so—ever since man adored a God. How strange that it should be easier to adore a god than to love Man! The latter instinct is far the stronger with me!

"The Melting Pot" is not a pretty play; it urges strong propaganda for peace around the altars, forcing us to remember some ugly newspaper articles about pogroms and persecutions—articles we did not finish reading, for it would have meant not finishing our breakfast. Russia is cold, breakfast is hot, and we do not like unpleasant facts on buttered toast. It makes us remember the things we never realised because they happened afar and because the people who did them and those unto whom they were done were foreign to us. It is so difficult to realise horrors—almost as difficult as to realise happiness. The effort to believe the unbelievable is too great. But plays such as "The Melting Pot" come and grip you at the throat and force you to see and touch and believe.

The fact alone that the play is acted in modern clothes is a shock to us, and (thoughtless of kohl) one is tempted to rub one's eyes. So these dark things behind the plot, they did not happen in mediæval times, but they are things of yesterday, of—God forbid—not of tomorrow! The young Jewish musician, David Quixano, left for dead in one of the Russian butcheries, goes to America, there to try to forget, and hope and sing with his violin—to live and be sane, if the remembrance of his parents massacred before his eyes will let him. In America—the great

crucible where all the people of the great world shall become a great people—he meets and loves a young Russian girl, a social worker, who happens to be (and that is a pity both from the artistic point of view and for the smooth course of love) the daughter of the same brutal Baron who ordered the massacre wherein David lost those

he loved. It is an inauspicious coincidence for fiancés in real life and for stage purposes. Art is too tremendous a thing to condescend to coincidences. But, as a shock to our complacency, "The Melting Pot" is a good play. To our timid "There may be such things—what a pity!" Mr. Zangwill shouts "There are such things—listen!" And as we listen to the David of Mr. Harold Chapin, the laments of the horror-pursued Jewish boy make our hands grow cold and our scalp shiver. His three appeals to God, as the past rises and engulfs him at the sight of the Christian murderer of his family and of his people, have knocked frivolity out of me for at least a week—until next Tuesday!

A Continental friend of mine who accompanied me to the door of the Court Theatre said as he shook his head, "Naughty Madame, going to the play on Sunday!" Well, I did not feel naughty in the least when I emerged, three hours later, dishevelled with so much hair-raising emotion and with the wish that the Court was not the only theatre open on Sunday. A play is at least as elevating as a Tango tea, and far less sensuous than a concert. I can imagine what a great lever to happiness a National Theatre would be that left its doors open and free on Sunday to all tired people.

I can conceive a great and splendid theatre, noble as a temple, where anyone might come uninvited and welcome as in a church, there to learn how to listen to other voices than those sharpened by worry, hurry, or greed, home-voices, shop-voices, workers'-voices. The seventh day, to be a day of rest, should be a day of beauty, and plays would have to be very

splendid to wash away, in two hours, the accumulated ugliness of a week in basement, workshops, garrets, and sweating-dens—plays for those whose life is all work.

Then in summer, whenever the sun was graciously pleased, why could there not be a theatre between grass and sky, with real scenery, and the blessed breeze, and the contentment that comes from being among living things—our brothers the trees, our sisters the ferns. . . . Pastorals for the people—I know of so many spaces near London where verses would resound three times more nobly than on a wooden stage—in Richmond Park, in Epping Forest: nearer town even, and in the very parks of London itself.



REPORTED ENGAGED TO THE WEALTHY PRINCE FRANCIS JOSEPH OF THURN AND TAXIS: THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD ARCHDUCHESS HEDWIG, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

The engagement was reported the other day of Prince Francis Joseph of Thurn and Taxis (eldest son of Albert, Prince of Thurn and Taxis) and the Archduchess Hedwig, daughter of the Archduke Francis Salvator of Austria, uncle of the Archduke Joseph Ferdinand, head of the non-regnant branch. The Archduchess was born in 1896. Prince Francis Joseph is heir to one of the greatest private fortunes in his native country, a sum believed to be from £16,000,000 to £20,000,000.—[Photo. by C.N.]



CHATTING WITH THE HUNTSMAN: PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AT A MEET OF THE YORK AND AINSTY.

Photograph by Lamb.



## THE OMNIUM GATHERUM BOWL - OVER.



LUGEING AT KLOSTERS: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST NOT VERY MUCH ON THE SPOT.

In case some of our readers may not catch the allusion in our top line, we may mention that the race for the Omnum Bowl is one of the tobogganing events of the Swiss winter-sport season. Lugeing, otherwise called "snow-running" or "coasting," is an easy form of tobogganing. Real tobogganing is done on ice-tracks with sharp corners.

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.





WAS KING LOUIS PHILIPPE SON OF A JAILER? THE CASE OF MARIA STELLA (LADY NEWBOROUGH).\*

### The Falsely Registered Birth.

There are three questions the book before us seeks to answer. Was Maria Stella Chiappini, second wife of the first Lord Newborough; and, later, wife of the Russian Baron Ungern Sternberg, daughter of Lorenzo Chiappini, jailer of Modigliana, and his wife, or daughter of the "Comte Louis de Joinville" and his wife travelling in Italy in 1773? Was that Comte de Joinville Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, who, in 1792, became Philippe Egalité? Was Louis Philippe, King of the French, son of the Chiappinis and not of Egalité? As to the first of these, there is the sentence solemnly pronounced by the Episcopal Tribunal of Faenza, on May 24, 1824. This begins, "Having invoked the most Holy Name of God: We, seated in our Tribunal, and having before our eyes nothing but God and justice . . . deliver judgment . . ." and contains the passages: "From the sworn legal depositions of the sisters, Maria and Dominica Bandini, it is clearly shown that there was an agreement between M. le Comte (de Joinville) and le Sieur Chiappini to exchange their respective children should Mme. la Comtesse give birth to a girl and Chiappini's wife to a boy; that the agreed exchange did really take place, the case having been provided for; that the girl was baptized in the church of the Priory at Modigliana, by the name of Maria Stella, and falsely registered as the daughter of the Chiappini couple. . . . In consequence, we have declared, decreed, and given final judgment, that the certificate of birth of April 17, 1773, inscribed in the Baptismal Registers of the Prioral Church of St. Stephen, Pope and Martyr, at Modigliana, in the diocese of Faenza, wherein Maria Stella is described as the daughter of Lorenzo Chiappini and Vincenzia Viligenti, be corrected; and that, on the contrary, she is to be described as the daughter of M. le Comte Louis and Mme. la Comtesse N. de Joinville, French. . . ."

### A Cardinal's Objections.

In 1830, Cardinal Macchi, writing from Ravenna to Cardinal Albani, Secretary of State, and enclosing a copy of the Faenza decision, said: ". . . The documents concerning this affair are pretty numerous, but there is no mention made of the Orleans family. It is true that the aforesaid title of Joinville belongs to that Royal Family, and is borne at the present time. . . . It is true, likewise, that it is generally believed here that the Comte de Joinville was no other than the famous Duc d'Orléans-Egalité. Moreover, not only is there no proof that the Duc d'Orléans was travelling in Italy in 1773, but, on the contrary, we read in his biography that in 1778 he travelled in Italy in the company of the Duchess. I notice, besides, that Lady Newborough was born at Modigliana on April 17, 1773, and that the present King of France was born six months later. How, then, could the supposed exchange have been managed? It seems to me that this is a fable. . . ."

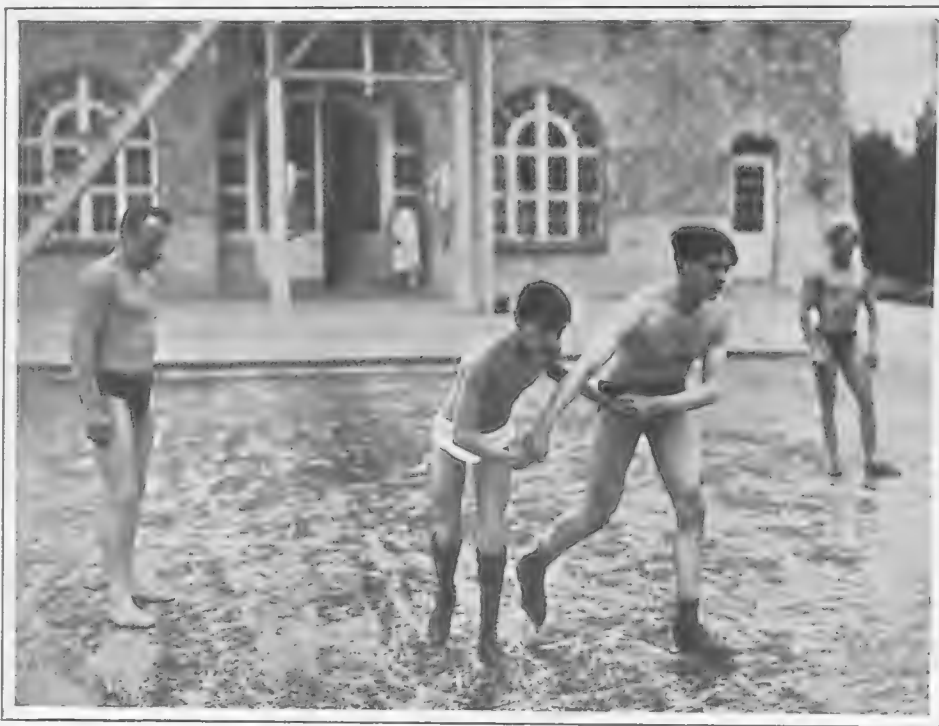
To such objections as these and to a number of others Maria Stella, Lady Newborough, replied in a voluminous Memoir. A searcher in the Vatican said of this to M. Boyer d'Agen: "Lady

Newborough, Baronne de Sternberg, wanted it to be published in Italian and French at the same time. But the date of 1830, chosen for these startling revelations, was also that when the person principally interested mounted the throne of France. Is it to be wondered at that these compromising documents were at once destroyed wherever the representatives of the King Louis Philippe could find them? . . . there existed, and exists a copy. . . ."

### The Explanations of Maria Stella.

As to the arguments advanced by Maria Stella in her most strenuous endeavours to prove that she was the daughter of Philippe Egalité, and that Louis Philippe, King of the French, was the son of the Chiappinis, the Memoirs must speak. Here we may note that, obviously, the chief difficulties faced by Lady Newborough—those which, above all others, will lose her adherents—were those of proving the identity of the Comte and

Comtesse de Joinville, whose child the Faenza Tribunal decided she was, and of explaining the birth dates of herself and of King Louis Philippe—the former, April 17, 1773; the latter officially accepted as Oct. 6, 1773. To the first point she has many answers. Here are some: The Bandinis, old servants of Count Borghi, described the Comte de Joinville as having "a fine figure, a rather brown complexion, and a red and pimply nose." Signore Giuseppe Guezzani, barber of Brisighella, who claimed to have shaved the Count, said: "He was rather stout, of good height, and had a brownish complexion with a red and pimply nose. I remember, too, that he had very fine legs." M. l'Abbé de Saint-Fare, saying that he was making inquiries



THE NEW (DE) FRANCE—WHAT WOULD THE JACKDAW SAY? SKATING IN CHILLY COSTUME AT THE NEW COLLEGE FOR FRENCH ATHLETES AT RHEIMS.

Photograph by Meurisse.

on behalf of the then Duke of Orleans (1823), described that Duke of Orleans who became Philippe Egalité as "a fine man with a good leg; his complexion was of a rather dark red; and, if it had not been for the numerous pimples on his face, he would have been very good-looking." And so on. Then there is the question of family likeness. Maria Stella argues in support of her beliefs the "extreme resemblance" between her features and those of the Orleans family as shown in paintings. Further, she tells how her son Edward, visiting the Palais Royal with her, called attention to a picture, saying, "Dieu, maman, how much that face is like old Chiappini's and his son's!" The portrait was one of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards King Louis Philippe. And, continues the writer regarding the same personage: "That [the resemblance] of the present Duke to the various members of his supposed family is absolutely non-existent, while he has all Chiappini's features—loose-jawed jaw, tanned complexion, brown eyes, black hair, slightly crooked legs, etc. As for myself, I can proudly boast that I have nothing in common with the former jailer; but everyone is struck by the many points of resemblance seen between Mademoiselle d'Orléans and me—manners, tone of voice, physique, shape and colour of face, all identical." As to Maria Stella's "settlement" of the second point, as of that of innumerable others, we must refer to the book, which makes exceedingly interesting reading—whether the reader be convinced by the writer or no!

\* "The Memoirs of Maria Stella Lady Newborough." By Herself. Translated from the Original French by M. Harriet M. Capes; and with an Introduction by Boyer d'Agen. (Eveleigh Nash; 10s. 6d. net.)



STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE  
(SCOTCH AND OTHERWISE).



A WIRELESS CALL FROM THE SINKING WEAKER VESSEL: "eSh—O—eSh."

DRAWN BY MAB TREEBY.



MODERN FORM IN A NOVEL FORM! "NUTS" AND "MAYS."

DRAWN BY MARJORIE ROBERTS.





## THE CRAG.

By G. STANLEY ELLIS.

THE D.C.L.I. formed the white stiffening of the little force which was sent up to teach a little lesson to some of the refractory frontier tribes. The lesson was to be a sharp one, owing to the very unruly character of these tribes, but it was also to be given in as kindly a fashion as possible, owing to the fact that the tribesmen were more like naughty children than bitter enemies. Fighting was their amusement. The D.C.L.I. had one company detached for duty on the Crag Picket. That is to say, they had got themselves detached by the fact that they had stormed the Crag, pitched the tribesmen out neck and crop, and had occupied it. Once there, they had to stick it, for the enemy swarmed all around the Crag and its approaches in such force that the D.C.L.I. could not get away. As night came on, Captain Tresidder attempted a strategic movement to the rear. Simultaneously the enemy advanced to the attack. In the gathering gloom the flashes of their Sniders broke out all over the slopes, answered by the Martinis on the crest. The Sniders came nearer and nearer, and their owners had only to fire into the brown at the top of the hill, while the English had no point of aim except the spurts of flame. At last there was a rush in force. The D.C.L.I. were chucked out bodily, as they had before chucked out the tribesmen. The strategic movement became a frank retreat as the evicted legged it in the best order they were able to preserve towards the rest of the battalion and the main body.

The company had hardly begun its more or less orderly retirement when a swipe on the side of the head with the butt of a rifle knocked out Private Polglase, who rolled into a cleft between the rocks and looked as dead as anyone would ever wish to look—so dead that no tribesman thought of disturbing his repose to make sure.

The rearguard action was all over, the company was back with the battalion, the enemy was comfortably occupying the Crag when Polglase came to himself. He lay alongside one of the enemy who had been less fortunate than he. He had a splitting headache, but was otherwise all present and correct. He sized it up that his company were gone. He calculated that the enemy had reoccupied the Crag.

Which way was he to go? Downwards to safety or upwards to—what? Glory? No; Polglase was not a man who concerned himself much with glory, but he had an insatiable curiosity to see men and things. Therefore Polglase decided that it should be upwards. He stripped himself and also the late-lamented, whose clothes he put on. He touched himself up with a stick of grease-paint, his inseparable companion since he became the prop of the Dramatic Society, concealed about him the half-dozen golf-balls with which he was in the habit of juggling to amuse his chums in the lines, carefully stowed his kit among the bushes, and climbed up to the Crag.

Now there are two ways of treating the Oriental—very civilly or disdainfully. Let him approach you, rather than the contrary. Polglase came towards the enemy, most of whom were squatting round their camp-fires, smoking and telling stories. One of them, who seemed in some casual way of his own devising to be acting as sentry, advanced, rifle at the ready, to meet Polglase. Polglase waved him aside with such dignity that the sentry fell back, and Polglase went forward to the chief camp-fire, round which the principals seemed to be gathered. They stared at him; he

looked through them, without seeming to notice them. Then he sat himself down on his hams, a position he could never have achieved in his stiff regimental trousers, and began to juggle. One after another the golf-balls rose into the air, till they were all simultaneously in action. One by one they came into Polglase's hands, were deftly palmed and concealed, till at last he held his two hands open and empty in front of him. The group began to look interested. Polglase began to produce the balls from unlikely places such as his mouth. He palmed them again, rose, approached the group and produced them, to the accompaniment of approving grunts, from the clothes of those sitting around the fire. A ruffian with red-dyed beard clapped him heartily upon the shoulder.

"A first-rate conjurer," he cried. "Whence come you?"

"From Burmah. But I do not pride myself so much on being a conjurer as on being a soothsayer."

"You can foretell the future?"

"Infallibly."

"Can you tell us whether we can keep the Crag from the English?"

"If you do exactly as I tell you to do, it is quite certain you will be able to keep it. The first thing you must do is to call in all your men from the hills and the villages, and work all night in building four fine strong sangars, one to each quarter. You will not keep the Crag if you stay here round the fire doing nothing."

"A good idea," shouted Redbeard loudly. He soon had all the occupants of the Crag, excepting himself, hard at work carrying or laying stones. He sent messengers all around to bring in workers by suasion or by force. All night they worked by light of the camp-fires, and when morning came, the sangars were well made.

Redbeard saw them and was satisfied.

"We will now, brother," he said to Polglase, "call the brethren from labour to refreshment."

"But for a short time only, brother," returned Polglase, "for much more remains to be done."

"More?"

"Much more. I told you, if you wanted to keep the Crag, you must do exactly as I told you. You must now set all your men to work to build me a fine hill fort in the midst of the four sangars—a strong fort which will resist rifle-bullets, a fort whereto you may retire to rest and to smoke undisturbed by the remainder of the rissala."

"That's a good idea, too," responded Redbeard, with enthusiasm. And, when his crush had had a very short time for breakfast, he set them to work anew. As the morning wore on the fort began to grow into shape. The operative masons were kept hard at it by Redbeard, the speculative mason. Then there was a movement far away down on the plain. In that clear air it was plainly to be seen that the D.C.L.I. were coming out to try for the Crag again. They came nearer and nearer, and the builders began to stop their building and to stand to their arms.

"Keep your people at work," said Polglase. "I can keep the English back by myself."

The sun was shining brightly. He took the little saucepan

[Continued overleaf.]



COLD DUCK AND FROG SAUCE.



ARISTOPHANIC DUET — FROM BELOW THE ICE: Brek-ek-ek-ex-ko-ax-ko-ax. Fine weather for ducks, I don't think.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



out of the mess-tin of a dead comrade, burnished the bottom, took it by the handle and waggled it furiously. Before very long he could see that the signallers were attracted by his calling up, and then, using it as a helio, he began to dot and dash out his message in Morse.

"Go back. The enemy is in force on the Crag."

"Who are you?" came the flashes from below.

"Private Polglase."

There was a pause. Then came a message evidently intended to test his identity.

"Give your regimental number."

"498."

"Are you a prisoner?"

"No; disguised. Come back the same time to-morrow, and the enemy will evacuate the Crag."

The officers' call sounded. They could be seen, gathered in a little knot in the valley, consulting together. Then the whole crush turned tail and made for camp.

"You see," said Polglase, "what magic I can do with a little piece of a uniform. If you have finished the fort by this time to-morrow, I shall show you much greater magic. But, in order that I may do this, you must get me something with which to make it."

"Conjurer, you are a great man. You must stay with us to make magic against the English. What are we to get for you?"

"Half a mile down the hill due southward from here there are six bushes in a circle. In the middle of those bushes there is a seventh. That is a sacred number, as you well know. Underneath that seventh bush you will find the uniform, rifle, and equipment of a British soldier. The equipment is all marked 498. Send out for all those things, and, at this time to-morrow, I shall show you a great magic."

"And what will this magic be, conjurer?"

Polglase drew himself aside with dignity

"We who make magic do not talk of the magic till the time

comes. Have you not seen that I can make good magic? Take care that, if you ask too many questions, I do not make magic against you."

Redbeard bowed himself humbly and withdrew to his task of collecting Polglase's marching order.

"A wonderful man!" said Redbeard to himself when all was brought up to the Crag. "He was able to see over half a mile of ground exactly what was well hidden under a bush, even to the numbers on the clothes. A great magician! We must certainly complete the building of the fort by the time told us, or he will not make the great magic he promised."

He and his fellow-chiefs talked it all over in the intervals between work as they sat down around the fires and smoked. They agreed that the conjurer was a very great magician and must be obeyed in all he said, and that the fort must be completed by the time he ordered. And so it was.

Now, when the time arrived, the D.C.L.I. were seen streaming out from camp and climbing laboriously up the hillside. Polglase shaved, dressed in his uniform, oiled his quiff, and helioed.

"Come up at once. All is well."

Then he said to Redbeard: "You and all your people must retire to the nearest village. I am about to make a great magic and must be alone."

"But——"

"Go! Or I make no more magic for you. You have seen what I can do with just one little bit of tin out of a soldier's equipment. What can I not do with a whole uniform? What might I not do for the British and against you?"

Redbeard trembled and led his people away.

As the head of the column reached the top of the hill, Polglase stood, smartly dressed and properly turned out, barrel of the rifle well pressed into the right shoulder.

"What on earth is the meaning of this, Polglase?" asked Captain Tresidder.

"It's all right, Sir. I have made the enemy build us four sangars and a strong fort before retirement. There will be no difficulty in holding the Crag now."

THE END.



ANOTHER CASE OF TELEPATHY. (*Society for Psychical Research, please note.*)

DENIS (*pointing an accusing finger*): Ye've bin ating onions, Pat.

PAT: Oi 'av that, and shure, ye're a moind-reader, Denis me bhoys.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.





# ON THE LINKS

THE SILLY ARGUMENT SEASON: SOME REAL PROBLEMS: A FAMOUS COUNSEL ON CLUB RECIPROCITY.

## Winter Golf Problems.

A golfer of an earnest kind, for whose opinions on most matters affecting the game we have sincere respect, writes to say that he thinks one of the worst features of our golfing scheme of things is the frightful mass of nonsense that is written and spoken in the way of

golfing discussions and arguments in these times, and the miserable waste of effort and thought when there are many important matters crying out for consideration. Many men play as much in the winter as at any other time; others do not. Anyhow, there is the fact that they cannot play in the evening, and it is that which leads the restless golfer to get up nonsensical arguments about things that are of no consequence to the game, or upon which a decision, firm and lasting, has already been reached. He urges that we are no better off with our winter discussions now than in the old days we are so much inclined to laugh at, when we used to get up arguments on that

of another and vice-versa. What he really wants is the principle of the community of golfers, as we sometimes call it, established in a definite form, so that it will be of real practical advantage. A good half of the enjoyment that we get from the game in these days is derived from the working of that principle of the community, though we do not always realise it. What would the game be to a man if he were never permitted to play on any other course than the one to which he belongs as a club member? Even though he joined half-a-dozen, and incurred the heavy expense attached to such membership, his variety of play would still be small compared to what he really enjoys at the present time through the working of the community principle. If there were no temporary membership; then the whole scheme of golf as we have it now, and particularly of holiday golf, would fall down.

## Reform of Temporary Membership.

But the trouble is, at the present time, that this system is very irregular in its working. For one thing, the principle is to some extent abused, though this is one of the minor evils.

Golfers who are only half-golfers, attached to no club but gaining a thin qualification through membership of a golfing society, claim the same privileges as those who do their full duty to the community by belonging to one or more good clubs and paying full subscriptions. It might very well be made a rule among golf clubs that no player should be admitted to temporary membership unless he were

a member of a recognised golf club which had its own course to play upon. On the other hand, it is often felt that some clubs are far too exclusive about this temporary membership, and that their fees are really too much; but they can answer incontestably that they have a right to do what they like with their own course and to choose the people whom they will permit to play upon it. They, in turn, might be answered to the effect that that is true, and that their members might be shut off from every other course which they visited by way of retort, and they would not like that. Happily, however, we are very far in golf from any reprisals of this kind. Mr. Marshall Hall makes the point that at present a man who belongs to several first-class golf clubs is no better off on a strange green than one who belongs to no golf club at all. I shall discuss his scheme again.



THE FIRST AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF FRANCE AS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER: MR. A. H. CROSFIELD AT CANNES.

Mr. Crosfield, who is captain of the Cannes Golf Club, was one of the representatives of that club in the recent annual match, played on its course, between it and the Nice Club. There were twelve on each side. The visitors only won three and halved two matches, against the thirteen wins by Cannes.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

enormous question, "Ought stymies to be allowed?" Our friend says that the absurdities that were perpetrated last winter in the name of the push-shot were less educative, and this winter's wrangle on the problem as to whether golf is or is not too easy is even worse. Upon this, he asks whether there is not evidence that the human race, of which golfers constitute such a large proportion, is not degenerating. Then he says that, as golfers are so easily led in these matters, and as a winter argument of some kind appears inevitable, would it not be a good thing if someone, in a semi-official kind of way, started us off every December with a really good question to wrangle about, and preferably one which might lead to something being done.

## Mr. Marshall Hall's Proposal.

There is really something to be said for this idea, for it is a notable thing that, while all the nonsense has been uttered this winter about the easy-golf question, there have been several opportunities of having really useful discussions; but for some undiscoverable reason golfers apparently prefer the stupid subjects, and two or three times lately the old-timer about the standard ball has threatened to break out again. If ever golfers had a chance of starting a new subject which might have led to enormous practical good for themselves, it was recently, when Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., put forward an idea in a tolerably definite form, and suggested a course of action on the part of golfers generally which would have been of enormous benefit to every one of them. Something good may yet come from his idea, but the general golf public is letting a great chance pass. Mr. Marshall Hall is a good and a very keen golfer, and as a member of several of the leading clubs, and one who goes about golfing very much, he puts forward the idea that some kind of a reciprocal arrangement should be entered into between golf clubs by which the members of one should have certain rights of play on the course

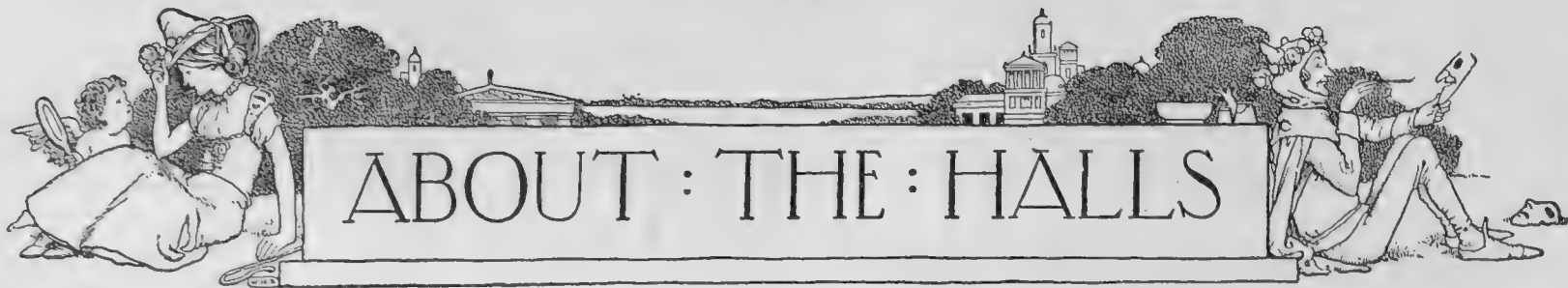


"THE DIVIDED SLIDING SKIRT": MISS BILLIE BURKE IN GOLFING "TOGS."

The American correspondent who sent us this photograph writes: "Miss Billie Burke, the charming and talented little actress, is quite a golfer, and plays the game during her travels over the country. She swings like a man. The most unique feature is her golfing togs. She wears a white skirt that is a combination between the ordinary divided skirt used for riding and a pair of trousers. The appearance in the above photograph at first glance is that of a pair of white flannel trousers. This is how it strikes the majority of golfers who observe Miss Burke on the links for the first time." It is Miss Billie Burke, by the way, who is playing the principal part, in New York, in Mr. Somerset Maugham's new play, "The Land of Promise," which, in due course, will follow "Quality Street" at the Duke of York's. In London Miss Irene Vanbrugh will play the part in question.

HENRY LEACH.





A NEW ARRIVAL: A NEARING DEPARTURE: YET ANOTHER REVUE.

IT is rare nowadays to be able to point to an actor or an actress who has not yet made an appearance at one or other of the music-halls, and Mr. H. B. Irving has still further lessened the number. He has been secured by the Palace management to follow the production of Sir J. M. Barrie's "The Will," and has elected to appear in "The Van Dyck," a play in one act, adapted from the French by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, which has already been performed at His Majesty's Theatre by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Weedon Grossmith. The scene is laid in a sitting-room in a flat under the tenancy of Mr. James Peters, into which Mr. Arthur Blair Woldingham introduces himself under small pretence. He professes to have been lured there by Mr. Peters's enthralling virtuosity in dealing with musical masterpieces, and at once makes himself perfectly at home, treating the real tenant with extraordinary familiarity. Mr. Peters is a vulgar person and a noticeably bad player on the violin, upon which he gives a devastating performance, egged on by which Mr. Woldingham proceeds to enlarge upon his own private affairs. At considerable length he unfolds his painful story, at intervals pouncing upon his hearer and causing him serious bodily discomfort. In due course, the door is flung open, and Dr. Porter, accompanied by two attendants, is ushered in with the intelligence that the visitor is mad and that he has come to secure him. Mr. Peters discreetly retires, and immediately a band of men enter and remove everything in the room except a bogus masterpiece (the supposed "Van Dyck" which gives the piece its title) of which the intruder has already disapproved; and on the departure of



THE WIDOW OF A WELL-KNOWN SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETER AS ACTRESS: MRS. J. H. SINCLAIR.

Mrs. Sinclair, widow of the late J. H. Sinclair, more commonly called "Jimmy Sinclair," the well-known South African cricketer, played Nora in "A Doll's House" at a special matinée last week. She has acted with some success in Johannesburg — notably in several Bernard Shaw plays.

Photograph by Levenson.

the marauders the hapless owner returns, to find his room laid bare. Mr. H. B. Irving it may be said at once, has scored a complete success in this original piece, and he is very capably backed up by Mr. Tom Reynolds as John Peters; and on the afternoon on which I was present the somewhat scanty house made up for its lack of numbers by the heartiness of its laughter. Mr. Irving may be cordially congratulated upon his portrayal of the character, and also upon the happy circumstances of his first appearance at the halls.

At the Tivoli.

The long-deferred blow has arrived, and the Strand is doomed to be deprived for a while of its one and only music-hall. It will prove a loss during its temporary departure,

but will reopen in an enlarged form later in the year, and may confidently hope for a continuation of its success in the past. It is to be rebuilt upon enlarged lines, and there is no fear that its popularity will diminish in the future. In the interval before its closure on Saturday, a new farcical playlet, entitled "A New Leaf," has been produced with noticeable success. It is the work of Mr. Charles Dickinson, and the scene is laid in the bedroom of a certain Mme. Roussel in the Rue Dettville. The hour is midnight, and supper is laid for two, when enters Charles Monnery, a young man to whom the lady has decided to say adieu. This she does in due form, and he is about to go when her husband arrives, and the departing visitor is conveniently hidden in the window. The husband enters. The lady has in her mind a wish to return to him, but the circumstances are awkward, and she is at her wits' end to know what to do. Her husband appears to be bent upon remaining, and remain he does, so at a convenient moment Mr. Monnery escapes, and leaves the window safe for a superficial examination. This little piece is completely successful in holding the attention of the house for the required period, and is very capably played by Miss Mary Mackintosh as the wife, and by Mr.

Victor Marcel and Mr. Felix Seel as her husband and her rejected lover, and they may safely be left to play it until the closing of the house, which will, for a short period, leave a blank in the Strand, until the new Tivoli rises, Phoenix-like, from the débris.

At the Coliseum. This house can only be moderately congratulated upon its latest production of a revue. It is entitled "Oh, Joy!" and is described on the programme as "a new jollification in three scenes," and further claims that it "makes no dramatic pretensions," but that its "only mission is to add just a little more to the gaiety of patrons." The book is by Mr. Herbert Tonshel, and the piece, produced by Mr. Bertie Shelton, more or less goes on until it stops. It possesses quite a comprehensive cast and a large chorus, but somehow or other it fails to amuse. Such plot as there is consists largely in the existence of a blue rose in a flower-store, which is stolen by a lady in the first scene and is retrieved from her stocking in the last by a lady detective. The most important of the performers is "Smoke," a nigger shop-boy, a character which is played by Mr. George Crotty, who is the possessor of one of the most resounding voices I have ever heard. I have already expressed an opinion as regards the tendency of comedians to appear as niggers, but this gentleman caps creation. The next most important item is Miss Perle Barti, a Dollar Princess with songs which she sings adequately, and that is the best one can say, while her lover is a negligible quantity. Perhaps the best things in the piece are the imitations of Mr. George Graves and Mr. George Robey, but such mimicry is hardly a novelty, and by this time can easily be dispensed with. The Coliseum has given us so much better in the past that we can confidently look to it for something better in the near future.

ROVER.



A GRAND GUIGNOL HUMORESQUE AT THE PALACE: MR. H. B. IRVING AS THE GENTLEMAN-THIEF AND MR. TOM REYNOLDS AS THE AMATEUR CONNOISSEUR, IN "THE VAN-DYCK."

"The Van Dyck," now being played at the Palace, is an adaptation, from the French, of Eugène Fourrier's "Péringue," seen at the Grand Guignol in Paris. The English version was first produced here at His Majesty's, in March 1907. Then Sir Herbert Tree acted the part Mr. Irving is now playing; and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, that now taken by Mr. Tom Reynolds.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



WITH METALLIC-BLUE HAIR: MISS MADGE MACINTOSH AS STRAGA THUNDRIDGE, THE PIANIST, IN MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "THE MUSIC CURE," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

"The Music Cure," described by its author as "a piece of utter nonsense," precedes Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic." Miss Madge MacIntosh is excellent as the pianist.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

MOTURING INSURANCE POLICIES AND ACCIDENTS: THE VALUE OF PATROLS AND ROAD-GUIDES.

## A Bogey Revived.

One would have thought that the old-time bogey of "third party" insurance had long since been laid to rest, but it has been given a new lease of life by a Transatlantic critic of European methods. He spins the same stale and unprofitable yarn, once so familiar, anent motor-drivers being free to run amuck because they carry an insurance policy, the alleged effect of which is to absolve them from all responsibilities for their own reckless acts. The underlying theory of this contention is absurd and untenable.

## An Impossible Proviso.

In the first place, the theory presupposes that a motorist is airily indifferent to the question of accident, and that he travels in an armour-plated vehicle, fitted with a cruiser's battering-ram, with the result that he invariably emerges scathless from any and every collision, and the "other party" is inevitably the victim. Well, we will momentarily assume, for the sake of argument, that it is the pedestrian or other occupant of the road who is in all cases the sufferer; and in that case, of course, the car-driver would be indemnified to some extent against pecuniary loss to himself in the event of his being cast in damages, as these would be paid by the insurance company. How he is to recoup himself, however, for the loss of time entailed by dancing attendance in a court of law, to say nothing of the worries of working up the case, our critic must be left to explain. But what is really vital to the situation, even if we pursue the hypothesis of the iron-clad machine, is the question of how on earth the driver is to ensure that reckless driving will only result in proceedings in the civil courts. What if he kills his man? Is an insurance policy any protection against a manslaughter charge? And even if the victim is only injured, is the insurance policy going to absolve the driver from a prosecution for driving to the danger of the public? The idea of a driver being safeguarded by a policy will not bear five minutes' analysis, and is, in fact, the quintessence of absurdity.

## Accidents Anathema.

So far, moreover, from a reckless driver being able to adjust his methods and his collisions with such nicety that he can always wound his man without killing him outright, all experience shows that in ninety-nine per cent. of car accidents the sufferer is the owner himself. A motor-car is neither iron-clad nor battering-ram, but an extremely vulnerable machine, in no sense designed or built for collision purposes or possibilities. Serious damage is a probability, and that means, if nothing worse, the inability to use the car for maybe a long period.

In cases of violent collision, the chances of serious or even fatal injury to the occupants are far more imminent than those of injuring a third party, for collisions with pedestrians are rare, while those with heavy and slow-moving vehicles, or stone walls, or projecting corners are the likely result of incautious driving, to say nothing of those which follow upon swerves in saving incautious pedestrians from the consequences of their own folly; while many a driver, in avoiding a dog from motives of humanity, has risked the far more valuable lives of his passengers and himself. The simple issue of the whole matter is that accidents, to a motorist, are anathema, and the last thing in the world that he would court or wish to happen, while it would puzzle the wit of the most rabid anti-motorist to show how a driver could adjust the force of his blow so as to maim but not kill; how, in either case, he would escape prosecution, and how he would benefit by not adjusting matters so that there was no collision at all.



TO CALL ATTENTION TO A DANGER-SPOT: A 30-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER AT WHAT MIGHT BE TERMED A "BLIND" ROAD, ON THE WAY FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON, BETWEEN COULSDON AND MERSTHAM.

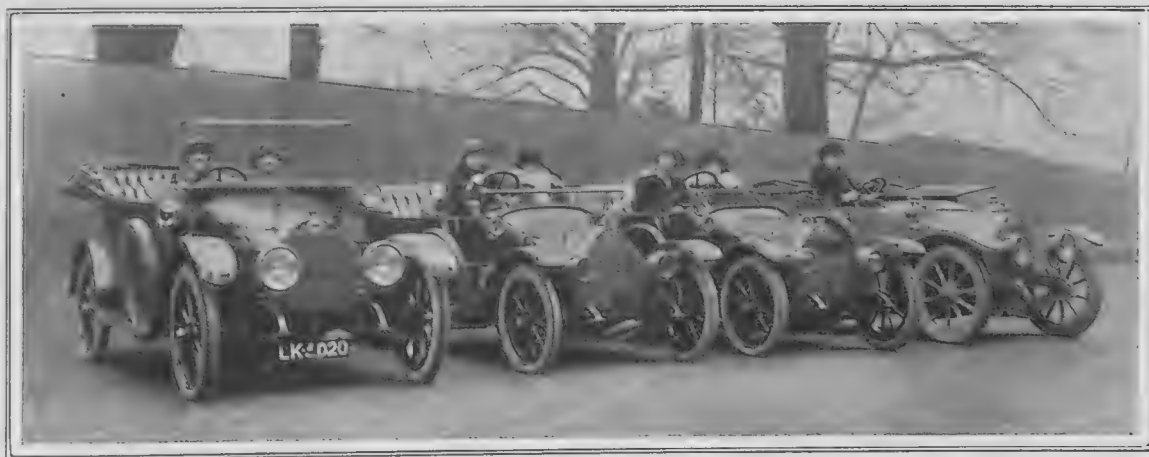
In last week's "Sketch" we published a photograph showing a road "lighthouse" set up to call attention, by means of a flashing-lamp, to dangerous cross-roads. Here is a photograph bearing on the same subject. It is sent to us by Messrs. Napier, who say: "We think you will agree with us that the question of dangerous corners and cross-roads is one demanding urgent attention. The number of cars on the road is increasing daily, which adds to the danger of unprotected corners and by-roads. To give point to this we enclose a photograph of a very dangerous corner on the main London-to-Brighton Road, between Coulsdon and Merstham. Owing to the high hedges and straight road, the by-road out of which the car is emerging is absolutely out of sight until the spot is alongside. The by-road is much frequented, being a short cut to several districts, and the danger is increased by the fact that no danger-signs are placed on either side of the road. We think the photograph shows at a glance the great danger attending this unprotected and what one might term 'blind' road."

have been reported by the A.A. of late which confirm the value of their scouts, and notably in a recent case on the Folkestone Road. Owing to a side-slip on an icy surface, a car skidded into a fence and back again into the middle of the road; and as two wheels were broken, there were no means of removing the damaged vehicle. The mishap occurred at night, but an A.A. patrol mounted guard,

## The Value of Scouts.

From time to time one hears it said that A.A. patrols and R.A.C. road guides fulfil no useful purpose, but for my own part, I regard them as a welcome stand-by in cases of emergency, and should regret their disbandment by either of the organisations concerned. Several examples

kept lamps alight round the car, and directed the traffic during the following day. Spare wheels not having arrived, he was compelled to resume his vigil all through the next night, the car not being finally removed until the following morning. In another case, a patrol attempted to stop a runaway pony and cart on the Swansea Road,



BY FIAT! LADIES OF "THE MARRIAGE MARKET" ON A MOTOR EXPEDITION.

In the Fiats (from left to right) are the Misses Florrie Arnold, Connie St. Claire, Elsie Spencer, Queenie Young, Evie Carew, Vera Moore, and Veda Le Grand—all of Daly's.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

but in the first instance without success. He gave chase on his cycle, and after a run of a mile and a half, succeeded in bringing the runaway to a standstill. In yet another case a patrol discovered a bough of a tree placed right across the Castle Bromwich Road by mischievous boys, and compelled them to remove it. Later on he found that they had replaced the bough, and added twenty-three large stones! It is satisfactory to note that the boys were charged before the Coleshill magistrates and very rightly ordered to receive three strokes of the birch-rod each.





IT was a little joke in a charmed Fleet Street circle against Lord Freddie Hamilton when he was editing the *Pall Mall Magazine* (and any joke serves against a literary Lord!) that he invited Henley to send him a sonnet of "not more than fifty lines." The current *Cornhill* publishes what it calls a "Sonnet by Robert Browning," which indeed has fourteen lines, but which forfeits all claim to the title by being, in the absence of rhyme, merely blank verse. A sonnet, as everyone knows, depends not only on its rhymes, but on a system of rhyming that follows infrangible laws.

*A Meredithian Heroine.*

Mrs. Janet Ross, famous in Florence for her villa, her rose-gardens, her philanthropy, and her cook, has sent to Sotheby's a small batch of the letters and manuscripts of George Meredith. That she has taken the market at the best possible moment is the opinion of most

told in Ulster—exactly. He is, more than most politicians, a man of pantomime, and tolerates it not only at Drury Lane or the Lyceum, but at Compton Verney as well. "Robinson Crusoe," the book written by two of his Lordship's cousins and with a leading part played by his son, filled the boards at the family mansion long before the O.P. Club had condescended to enlarge the scope of its hospitality beyond the bounds of the legitimate drama.

*The Three Strings.*

Mr. Hyndman's engagement is, briefly, very characteristic. He is the right man to join the ranks of the remarried, for they are the ranks that hold many of the most adventurous spirits of the age. And his policy is, really, one of singular continuity. He was married and an agitator as a young man; he is an agitator and to be married as an



TO MARRY MISS HELEN STRAKER TO-MORROW (FEB. 5): MAJOR HUBERT HORATIO SHIRLEY MORANT. Major Morant, of the Durham Light Infantry, is the only surviving son of the late Lieutenant-General H. H. Morant.

people who, knowing the extent of Meredith's correspondence, can hardly credit that the prices of the moment will be bettered or even maintained. Mrs. Ross is a daughter of the late Lady Duff-Gordon, the Lady Jocelyn of "Evan Harrington," and she herself makes a partial appearance in the same novel. She suggested the character of the heroine to Meredith, though she did not sit to that master of word-portraiture for all the details of the likeness.

*The "Lucile" of the Village.*

The Mrs. Ross of real life is more romantic than the heroine of mere fiction. Her experiences in the desert, where as a girl she was often matched to ride against the swiftest horsemen of Arabia—and she always beat them!—have been followed by a career that has never been less than picturesque. And to the Italian peasant she is a Goddess of Plenty. She has taught the villager how to make honey and vermouth, how to rear pigs and cultivate his field and garden to every possible advantage, and re-introduced to him half-a-dozen of the lost arts of the simple life. She has even instructed Italian girls in the art of dress—she is, in fact, the benevolent "Lucile" (Lady Duff-Gordon is her niece-in-law) of the countryside.



TO MARRY MR. FRANK BARKER ON SATURDAY (FEB. 7): MISS AUDREY UZIELLI.

Miss Uzielli is the only daughter of Mr. Douglas Uzielli, of 28, Pall Mall. Mr. Barker is the youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Barker, of 16a, Pembroke Square.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



WITH HER THREE DAUGHTERS: LADY MURIEL PAGET.

Lady Muriel Paget, wife of Sir Richard Arthur Surtees Paget, Bt., is the daughter of the twelfth Earl of Winchelsea. Her daughter, Sylvia Mary, was born in 1901; Pamela Winefred, in 1903; and Angela Sibell, in 1906.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

*The Pantomime Peer.*

Lord Willoughby de Broke, who is very much of a roaring lion on anti-Home Rule platforms, was gentle as a lamb at the O.P.'s pantomime dinner. The atmosphere, which was informal even for an O.P. festivity, and the company (including the lady who appeared on the guest-list as "Miss Nellie") suited him—let it not be



TO MARRY MAJOR HUBERT HORATIO SHIRLEY MORANT TO-MORROW (FEB. 5): MISS HELEN STRAKER.

Miss Straker is the second daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John C. Straker, of Hexham, Northumberland.

Photograph by Lafayette.

old man. Apropos of remarriages (though his case is by no means an extreme one), a *mot* comes from musical America. Mme. Carreño, a New York critic wrote not long ago, "played the second concerto of her third husband at her first concert."

*Blank Cheques, and Looks.*

The report of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's decision to sell his father's collections has greatly stirred the Bond Street dove-cotes. That the treasures accumulated by the greatest of modern collectors will fetch vast sums is not for fakes and frauds did find

a moment doubted, for while some few their way into his hands, his buying as a rule was wonderfully judicious. All buying that follows the rule followed by Pierpont Morgan is safe buying: he bought the best of everything—and the best of everything, whatever it costs, is a very safe investment. But the multi-millionaire did not wholly disregard the possibility (once it was known that he would buy without a money-limit) that his agents might be made to pay absurd figures in the auction-room. "Get it for anything in reason," he once said to a secretary who had orders to bid for a Chinese vase. "I went to the utmost limit, and didn't secure it," was the young man's report on his return; "it fetched a fabulous sum." Ten minutes later, the millionaire's daughter sailed into the room with a little parcel under her arm. "See," she said in glee, "I've got this for you. I knew you would not like to miss it. It was sold at auction to-day, but I had left orders with a dealer to buy it at any price. It's a birthday surprise!"



MISS BERYL AIMÉE CAREY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. JOHN GARTH SPOONER WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (FEB. 3).

Miss Carey is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Valentine Carey, of Lyne, Capel, Surrey. Mr. Spooner is the son of the late Mr. C. Edwin Spooner, C.M.G.—[Photograph by Sarony.]





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Parcels and the Man.

Why is it that the spectacle of a well-dressed man with a parcel arouses at once one's curiosity and amazement? Mid-winter, of course, does not count, but in any of the other eleven and a half months of the year such a vision is almost unthinkable. We women-folk gather up bundles and boxes without thinking much about it, and we never suffer our men-kind to relieve us of them, knowing well the particular kind of mental agony which they will go through if caught in Bond Street with a paper parcel. And yet such men are occasionally to be seen, splendidly and gallantly arrayed, marching along with uplifted chin with some strange and bulgy object, wrapped in brown paper and insufficiently tied with worn string, under their arms. Mr. Desmond Coke—himself a notable acquirer of silhouettes in frames—tells us the secret. "Collectors," he says, "are the only men who carry parcels along Piccadilly." And it is true. The connoisseur knows too well the danger of leaving the precious object he has purchased behind. In certain cases, another and less valuable specimen, or even—horrid thought!—a forgery, might be substituted for it, and then good-bye to the purchaser's natural elation at having acquired something at less than its market price. Thus you may see some elegant young man accoutred in the latest fancy, yet bearing with him—much as the

Daughter of Herodias bore a Head upon a Charger—a large but thrilling package for all to gaze upon.

### Where to Collect "Bigotry and Virtue."

Everyone who lives and breathes, and has sixpence in his pocket to spare, is a collector nowadays. The eighteenth-century great ladies, with their passion for china, have thousands of emulators in our time, women who collect not only faience from Cathay, but screens, furniture, carvings, jewellery, and embroideries from the Far East. Other fanatics there are who acquire potted meat-lids, old handles, labels, Victorian trinkets, and I know not what of singular stuff; but everybody has a hobby of some sort or another. You may be fascinated, like a bird by a reptile, and utterly unable to tear yourself away, by the sight, in a shop window, of an old print, a lustre-jug, a bit of "Battersea," or a Georgian spoon. Yet where to go to acquire, at bargain

by-streets of the centre of London. I hasten to add that certain suburbs, being over-run by painters, sculptors, and engravers with expert knowledge of prints and curios, are useless for bargain-hunters. Such an one is St. John's Wood, and I fancy that Chelsea, that new home of artists and People of Taste, must, though it abounds in "slums," be in a like case. Beware, above all, of the smart curiosity-shop in country towns and modish seaside places. They are pitfalls for the unwary, and are often "run" by agreeable ladies who act for London dealers. London, it seems, is the place to pick up bargains still, for the quays of Paris have long been swept of their treasures.

### "Seventy-Five, Dean Street."

The house of Sir William Thornhill, with its handsome staircase and painted ladies and gentlemen gazing at you through loggias on the walls, has been quite the sensation of the last week or two, and I should not be surprised if some modish person presently set up house there. After all, stranger things have happened. It is in the centre line of London, and Soho was what they call in Paris *le quartier* long before Mayfair, which succeeded to its prestige and fashion. People dine frequently in Dean Street, and one of our most successful theatres is next door to this wonderful dwelling which has been attracting all London, and was saved, at the eleventh hour, from destruction by the discovery of an Act of Parliament to prevent such vandalism. Of the late seventeenth century, it has a delicious air of space and high fashion, and it would make an ideal club-house, with its great first-floor room adorned by columns. Thornhill was the Court decorator, painter of ceilings and walls, and, as everyone knows, the father-in-law (at first unwilling) of Hogarth, who ran away with one of his attractive young daughters. Considering how the slummiest streets in Westminster are being rapidly transformed into dwelling-places for the rich and intellectual—all the new houses being built strictly in the prim early Georgian manner—we need not be surprised if there is soon a raid of the modish in the region of Soho.

### A New Way With Shakespeare.

There is no doubt that the old way of playing Shakespeare's dramas has seen its day, and that only the genius of an actor like Sir J. Forbes Robertson can redeem "Hamlet" when enacted with the scenery of the eighteenth-century and an inferior all-round cast. Gordon Craig and Reinhardt have triumphed with their synthetic scenery; their mixing up the actors to a certain extent with the audience; and their doing away with the unbecoming footlights and the orchestra and conductor in full view. No one who witnessed the exquisite performance of "Twelfth Night" at the Savoy Theatre under the Granville Barker management could ever sit it out again as it used to be played in Edwardian times, unless some actress of superb genius arose to play Viola.



IN STRAWBERRY-COLOUR AND VIOLET:  
AFTERNOON FROCKS.

The frock on the left is made of strawberry-coloured cloth, with a little bolero of black lace on the bodice and a collar of white lace. The other toilette is composed of violet charmeuse, and has a folded vest of batiste outlined with marten fur.

prices, the darling objects of our hearts is the great problem. Mr. Desmond Coke will have no truck with "cattle-markets—which are stocked by dealers," but suggests outlying suburbs and small, mean



IN AMBER AND GREEN: AN AFTERNOON FROCK.

This model, made of amber-coloured cloth, has a bodice and tunic of green-and-amber plaid, with a small waistcoat and belt of black velvet. The guimpe and cuffs are of pleated white muslin.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 11.*

## SOME HOME RAIL DIVIDENDS.

THE reduction from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent. in the Bank Rate was certainly more than most people expected, and the effect on the Stock Markets was almost sensational. We referred to the improvement in gilt-edged securities last week, and this has again been the most prominent feature. Much attention, however, has been paid to the Home Rail section, owing to the different dividend announcements.

The results to date are very much in accordance with general anticipations and must be considered satisfactory, although, with the exception of the Great Eastern declaration, they did not altogether satisfy the Market. The South Eastern and Chatham, Metropolitan, and Great Northern junior issues were all easier after the publication of their respective dividends.

It is clear, however, that working costs have increased even more than was expected. For instance, the South Eastern and Chatham gross receipts were £209,000 more than in 1912, and yet only £35,000 was retained as increase in net profit. South Eastern Deferred got 2 per cent. for the year, which is  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. better than previous year; Chatham "Seconds" received  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. A certain amount of nervousness was felt as to the Great Eastern dividend, but the actual result was well received and the stock jumped up some 4 points. The half-year's dividend is raised from  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. to  $4\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., making, with the interim distribution,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the whole of 1913, whilst the carry-forward is increased to £111,000.

Writing at the end of December, we suggested that the dividend on Great Northern Deferred would be increased by at least  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., and this turns out to be the case. Three per cent. for the year is paid; £60,000 placed to reserve funds; and £130,796 is carried forward.

The remaining dividends will all be announced before very long, and we expect to see as good or even better results than these. Great Central and Great Western should make especially good showings.

## UNITED STATES STEEL.

For some time past it has been apparent that the Iron and Steel trade all over the world is diminishing. The boom time is over, and business is becoming more and more difficult. The figures of the United States Steel Corporation for the last quarter of 1913 fully endorse these anticipations. The total earnings for that period at 23,000,000 dols. show a reduction of over 30 per cent. when compared with the results achieved during the corresponding period of 1912, and even more when compared with those of the September quarter.

In spite of a reduction from 7,000,000 to 4,000,000 dols. in the amount placed to sinking funds, depreciation, etc., the payment of the quarterly dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. leaves a deficit of just over 1,000,000 dols.

Owing to the prosperous time enjoyed during the first part of the year, the figures for the whole year make a very good showing; but the outlook is not very rosy. Unfilled orders at the beginning of this year amounted to only 4,282,000 tons, which is the lowest total recorded since December 1911, when it was 4,140,000 tons. That there will be a revival in the United States' trade before very long is sincerely to be hoped, but those who base such hopes upon the cheapening of money are, in our opinion, placing the cart before the horse, and we shall be surprised if the Steel Corporation's figures for the current quarter show any marked improvement.

## THE SCRAP-BOOK.

The current quotation of 74-75 for Leopoldina Railway Ordinary stock seems to us inadequate. For 1912 a distribution of 4 per cent. was made, whilst renewals and reserves were liberally attended to. Gross receipts increased by £182,000 during 1913, and, although the directors are likely to follow a very conservative policy, we have no doubt that the dividend will be increased to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. At the present price, this means a yield of nearly  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent; whilst the coffee crop in the district served by this Company promises well.

A little more attention has been paid to Electric Lighting shares of late. On the announcement of a dividend of 7 per cent. on St. James and Pall Mall Company shares, making 12 per cent. for the year, against 10 per cent. for 1912, the shares rose to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ . We look upon them as much under-valued, and recommend a purchase to all who are looking for a sound but high-yielding investment.

Those responsible for the control of the affairs of the Maypole Dairy Company have proved themselves so capable in the past that we think shareholders can rely upon them to recover the set-back experienced last year. This was caused solely by the high price of raw materials. At 24s. 6d. the Deferred shares offer a substantial

return and, although undoubtedly speculative, we think they would prove a profitable purchase.

The directors of the Home and Colonial Stores are very much to be congratulated upon the results of last year, which were achieved in spite of the higher prices for raw materials. The net profit of £179,500 represents an increase of £27,800. The "A" shares again receive 20 per cent., £28,300 is transferred to the reserves out of revenue, and the carry-forward is increased to £27,700. The total reserves now amount to £270,800.

The business is, of course, somewhat speculative in view of the keen competition in this class of business; but the Preference shares seem worth considering to mix with other Industrial holdings.

Referring to our note last week on "Financial Trust Companies," our correspondent "Q" writes to us, under date Jan. 29—

The Report of the *River Plate and General Investment Trust Company* is very much better than might be inferred from the fact that the dividend on the Deferred stock is merely maintained at 11 per cent. for the past year. The income for the year increased by no less than £2994, as compared with an increase in the previous year of £1493. As only £2500 is required to pay an additional 1 per cent. on the Deferred stock, it is clear that the rate might have been raised to 12 per cent., and the carry-forward increased. The Board, however, preferred to repeat the previous year's dividend and, after putting the usual £5000 to reserve from revenue, to carry forward £17,971 against £13,290 brought in. It will be seen from these figures that the actual revenue earned which might have been distributed to the Deferred stock-holders represented nearly 15 per cent. on that stock. There can be little doubt that the dividend for the current year will be raised to 12 per cent., so that the Deferred stock may be safely bought to return 6 per cent. at 200, or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., which is a very fair return on such a security, at 220. The present price in the market list is 190, cum dividend of £7.

All the Trust Companies are, of course, deriving great benefit from the general revival in Stock Exchange quotations, due to the end of the money stringency; in fact, the aggregate value of their holdings is advancing daily by leaps and bounds, and this must in time be reflected in the prices for the Trust Companies' stocks. In selecting any of these for investment, your readers will be well advised to notice whether profits are being divided up to the hilt, or whether large sums are being set aside from revenue, as in the above instance, and carried to reserve. I emphasise "from revenue" because all the well-managed Companies now carry profits made by changes of investment to reserve automatically; but there is a wide difference in the amount of income carried to reserve from income—where this is done liberally, the shareholders have a guarantee that dividends will be maintained and gradually increased. I may give as an instance the *Industrial and General Trust*; last year this Company increased its rate of dividend to 10 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, and set aside out of income, including the increase in the amount carried forward, no less than £31,017, or more than a further 3 per cent. on the Ordinary stock. It seems likely that this Company will raise its dividend to 11 per cent. in the current year, and the Ordinary stock, now quoted about 172, should improve very considerably in value.

Saturday, Jan. 31, 1914.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K. S. (New Barnet).—Several of the new issues should suit you. Bengal Nagpur 4 per cent. or West Australian 4 per cent. can both be purchased at a little under par, and are quite safe.

C. J. K. (Siam).—We have written you and sent on the paper most likely to suit. Let us know if we can do anything.

ABLE.—(1) and (5) should be sold at once; the others you can hold for the present.

SABINE.—(1) Certainly. (2) Far better left alone.

HORSESHOE.—We will make some inquiries and answer again next week. Speaking generally, we should not care to hold shares in any company carrying on that particular business.

J. G. (Doncaster).—You are entitled to subscribe. Write to your Stock Exchange brokers. We only answer by post in accordance with Rule 5.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The Goddess in the Car.

Alas, poor Brunnhilde ! Never does a woman's poor humanity come home to her so distressingly as when she drives, or is driven, in an open motor-car. Brunnhilde's steed was better than an aeroplane, for after the wildest Valkyrie ride she turns up quite neat and tidy. Not so ladies of to-day after a trip in the modern conveyance : if one is veiled and coated and bonneted after the most approved fashion, hair-pins are shaken out and fringe-nets displaced and clothes put awry. Man is not so handicapped. An overcoat, a beloved vagabond-looking cap, a pair of dear but disreputable gloves, assumed at the beginning of the longest and jumpiest drive, leave him immaculate at the end of it. In the newest type of closed cars there is little room for ornamental headgear, and stepping in and out cannot be managed with the dignity lent to that process by a stately landau. Truly the car makes of the goddess a very woman !

### The Woman at the Wheel.

There are some things greatly in favour of Madame when she takes to driving Monsieur's car. One is that the ordinary driver gives her a wide berth. Another is that she feels very proud and grand, and behaves with a proper sense of responsibility. I saw recently a picture of a lady in a car on Brooklands track with a wee child at the wheel. The reading below led one to suppose that she regarded driving as so simple that the infant might do it : it stated that sometimes she allowed her terrier to guide the car with his paws ! As a student of the art of driving, I regard this as sensationalism gone dangerously mad. A car needs control, and how to exert it has to be seriously learned and diligently practised. The picture and the terrier's performance would deceive only those who know nothing of driving ; but it is rather a pity to give wrong ideas even to them.

### The Game Everywhere.

Auction Bridge in the home, the train, the car, the hotel, the steamer—everywhere, in fact—is the game of the season. Very practical and pretty are the "Lily" Auction Bridge sets issued by the International Card Company, 96-98, Leadenhall Street, E.C., and obtainable at Harrod's. Each set contains two packs of club cards, rules, two long narrow club scorers with loop and special "Bridge" pencil attached. No. 1 set, in cloth, blocked in real gold, and contents as above, costs 5s. ; there are Sets 3 and 4, in velvet-calf leather, with extra quality cards, in crushed morocco, with similar fittings, at 15s. and 21s. ; also No. 2 set, in straight-grained leather, with club cards, at 8s. 6d. These sets are always delightful and much-appreciated travelling companions.

### Felicitations

To Mr. John Victor Lennard, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lennard, of Iford Manor House, Lewes, and Miss Gwendoline Mary Kingzett, daughter of Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., and of Mrs. Kingzett, of Maplin, Frinton-on-Sea, who economised in names to the extent of making the

first do for them both by their marriage at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, by the Rev. H. B. Chapman. The bride, who was given away by her father, had Miss K. Rosselli as bridesmaid, and her nephew, Master Ian Kingzett, as page. Mr. Frederick Lionel Lennard acted as best man to his brother ; and, later, Mr. and Mrs. Kingzett saw their friends, and the bride and bridegroom received congratulations at the Savoy Hotel.

### For Good Causes.

Queen Amélie—of whom

international etiquette forbids us to say "of Portugal," although we all think it of her—has given her patronage to a performance of "Prunella" at the Court Theatre on Thursday, Feb. 19,

organised by Miss Beryl Durand and Miss Lilian Hole in aid of the building fund of St. Joseph's Hospice for the Dying, Mare Street, Hackney. Miss Madge M'Intosh will produce the play, in which well-known professional and amateur actors and actresses will take part. On Friday evening and at Saturday's matinée there will be performances for the British Red Cross, and on Saturday evening for St. Luke's, Chelsea. Those who want to enjoy this good play well acted, and to help really useful causes in addition, will assuredly take tickets.

### Are They the Last?

Will the Irish Court functions of this week and this season be the last of their kind ? The Castle has

long been declining in social favour ; its last palmy times were when the Earl and Countess of Dudley held sway there. When King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited them for a week, Dublin had a great time of it. Now the Levées and the Drawing-Rooms are poorly attended ; the Balls are better, for they are more fun. The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen are most genial and kindly as host and hostess ; but Dublin is socially

sent to Coventry by Unionists, and Nationalists have not come on the Castle stage yet. If they do, different social conditions must arise. There will be, doubtless, a difference even in the great, the one, and the only Dublin Horse Show when the Irish Parliament sits on College Green (if it ever does so sit), and there are sure to be other innovations.



SIR EDWARD CARSON'S DAUGHTER AT A MEET OF THE GROVE (EARL FITZWILLIAM'S) AT DARLTON : (LEFT TO RIGHT) MRS. G. CHESTERMAN (NÉE CARSON), MR. ROBINSON, AND MRS. L. CHESTERMAN

Photograph by Barratt.



TO MARRY MR. FRANK TRACEY TO-DAY (THE 4TH) : MISS ISABEL AUDREY BERNARD.

Miss Bernard is the daughter of the Rev. Edward Russell Bernard, Chancellor and Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, and a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King. Her marriage to Mr. Frank Tracey, of Bogota and Medellin, Colombia, is to take place to-day in Wimborne Minster.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



IN HER SMART BUGGY AT A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE AT STAPLEFORD PARK : THE HON. HASTIE TREFUSIS.

The Hon. Hastie Trefusis is a daughter of Margaret, Lady Clinton, widow of the twentieth Baron, and is a half-sister of the present Lord Clinton. Her mother is a sister of Lord Waleran.

Photograph by Barratt.



AT THE MEET OF THE COTTESMORE AT STAPLEFORD PARK : THE HON. CLAUDE MEYSEY-THOMPSON (ON THE LEFT) AND MR. GEORGE COATS.

The Hon. Claude Meysey-Thompson is the only son and heir of Lord Knaresborough. Stapleford Park is the seat of Mr. John Gretton, M.P. The Cottesmore Hunt Ball took place recently at Oakham, Rutlandshire.—[Photograph by Barratt.]



## "PARSIFAL."

THE manuscript of Wagner's poem "Parsifal" was brought to London by its author in 1877, when he came to conduct the series of concerts at the Albert Hall. Nearly twenty years had passed since the inception of the work, but those who are familiar with the composer's stormy life's history will quite understand why the accomplishment of the preliminary task took so long. The poem was read to a company of friends in London on May 17, at the house of Mr. Dannreuther in Orme Square, and published in December 1877. The sketch of the first act belongs to the spring of 1878, and at Christmas in that year the "Vorspiel" was heard at Bayreuth. In January of 1882 the score was completed, and in the summer of the same year sixteen performances were given under the composer's directions. Hermann Levi was the first conductor, and Schott of Mainz, the publisher, paid £3000 for the work.

It is common knowledge that Wagner wished the representation of "Parsifal" to be limited to Bayreuth, and that his widow was at great pains to obtain an extension of the copyright, but was unable to do so. The thirty years allowed by German law to a composer having expired, the copyright ceases to exist; but many good judges are of opinion that the performances now being given in the great musical centres of Europe will not be very long-lived, and that Bayreuth, with its splendid tradition, will remain the Mecca of every "Parsifal" pilgrimage. It will be remembered that the copyright has not enjoyed complete respect. In November 1884 the work, or most of it, was given in concert form at the Albert Hall under the direction of Sir Joseph Barnby, and this was permissible; but the first operatic performance outside Bayreuth was given in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, under Alfred Hertz, and, needless to say, the right to do this was bitterly contested. In the season 1904-5, "Parsifal" in English dress went on an American tour to nearly fifty cities. In 1905, Henri Viotta directed a performance of "Parsifal" in Amsterdam, with Mme. Litvinne as Kundry. Boston, Munich, and Zurich are among the cities that produced the work; but, all things considered, the composer's wishes and intentions have not been neglected. Doubtless the interest created in the opera by the conditions imposed upon performance would have led to further presentations had it not been that the expense involved is very considerable. The singers who can do justice to the exacting rôles are limited in number and can command very high fees, while the cost of adequate mounting runs into thousands of pounds, and the time required for proper preparation is considerable. The authorities at Covent Garden started their work in the spring of last year, and even this generous

allowance of time did not prove excessive. When we remember that more than twenty years passed between the inception and the completion of the opera, and that the composer had little more than six months to live when the first performance was given, it is clear that we have in "Parsifal" the ripe fruits of his genius. If we reckon Wagner's career as a composer to have lasted half a century, it will be seen that nearly half that time found him with the problems of "Parsifal" before him. It may be said that the fatigue of the rehearsals at Bayreuth was the immediate cause of his death, for we know that he was seized with sudden illness at one of the rehearsals, and that he was sent to Venice (where he died—February 1883) to attempt to recover health and strength.

The opera does not yield its beauty at a first hearing, though the eye may be charmed by the stage pictures. Dr. Hadow has said that the central conception of the "Ring" is strength, that of "Tristan" is passion, and that of "Parsifal" is goodness, and he claims that a story of such "spiritual beauty touched and glorified with the mystic halo of religion may well be ranked among the few immortalities of Art." This is high praise, and comes with great force from a man whose right judgment is allied to the gift of eloquent expression; but, at the same time, those who go to Covent Garden to be thrilled in the ordinary way will probably be disappointed. "Parsifal," like all Wagner's later works, has its *longueurs*, and the enthusiasm that ignores cannot abolish them. It is only by close consideration of the composer's intentions and of the means by which he has given effect to them that the full beauty of the opera can be grasped; and clear knowledge of the story, together with some acquaintance—however slight—with the score, is at least advisable. Breitkopf and Härtel have published an excellent vocal score with English translation by Ernest Newman at a very low price (4s.). We must remember that "Parsifal" was not written to provide a few hours' amusement, but to deliver to the world at large the last great message of a composer whose work takes rank with the best that his century had to offer us. Happily the arrangements for the season that opened on Monday, Feb. 2, at Covent Garden are very comprehensive. There are to be twelve performances of "Parsifal," and there is only one other novelty to compete with it in the claim of the public interest; nor can Méhul's "Joseph," although it is the most melodious and dramatic work of a gifted composer, be regarded as a very serious competitor. Had "Parsifal" been given in the summer season, the limits of time and the claims of Italian opera must have prevented an adequate number of performances. It has been necessary to wait thirty years to hear "Parsifal" in an English opera-house; it is pleasant to think that now the conditions of production are entirely favourable.

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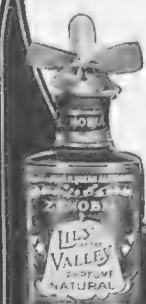

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Ice and Snow Sports; The New Billiard Prodigy; The Four Hundred; Both Seasonable at Once; Miss Lily Brayton; Mr. Heinrich Hensel; The Beauty of the British Show Girl; Miss Unity More in "The Marriage Market."



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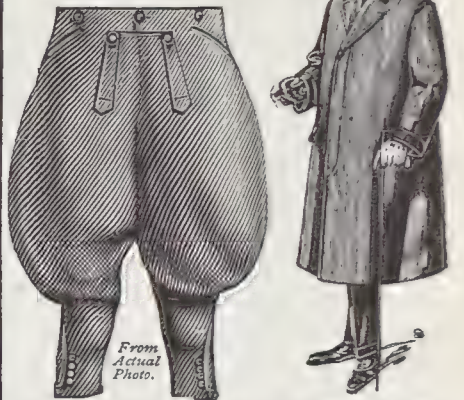
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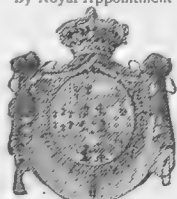
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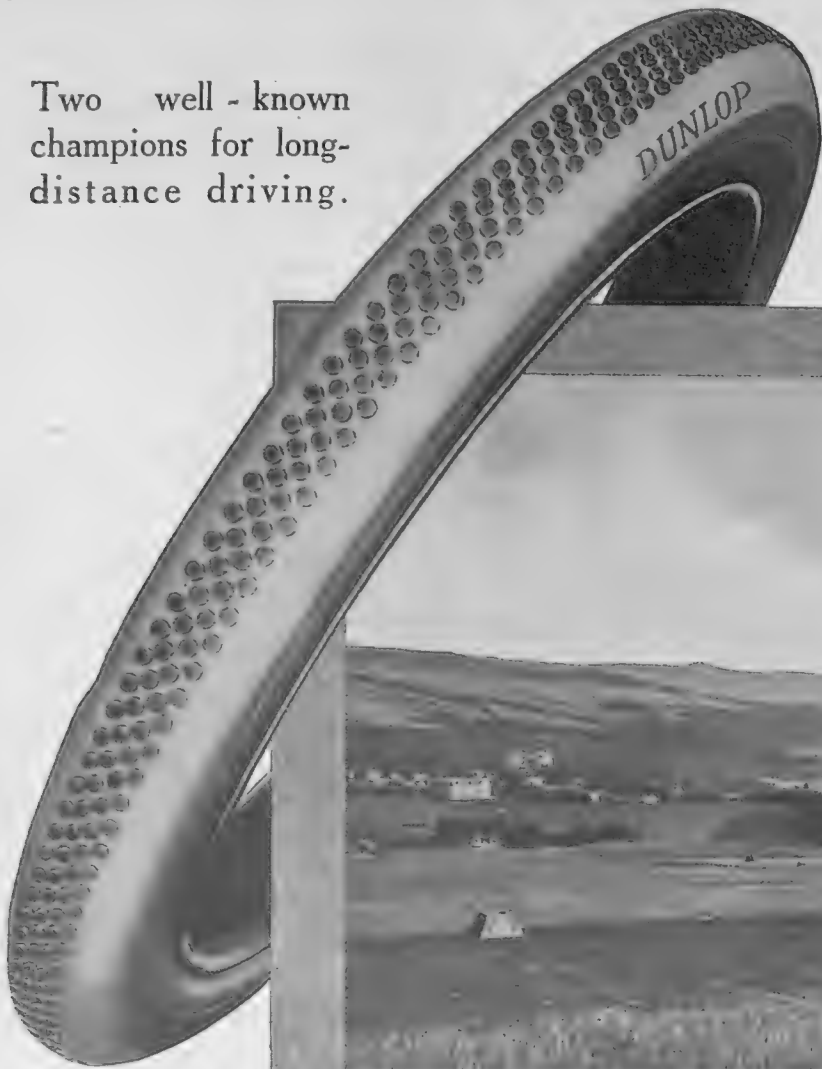
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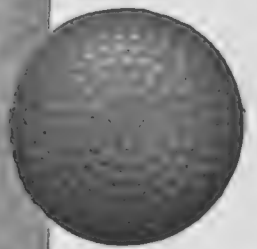


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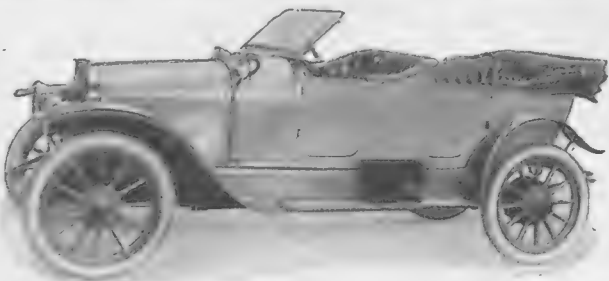
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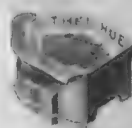
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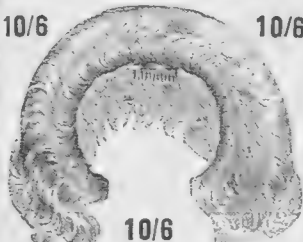


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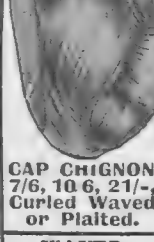
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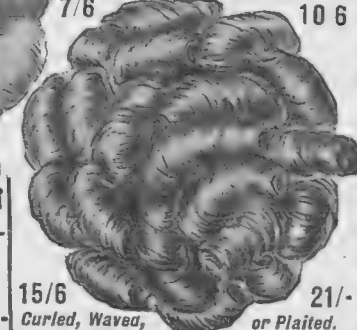


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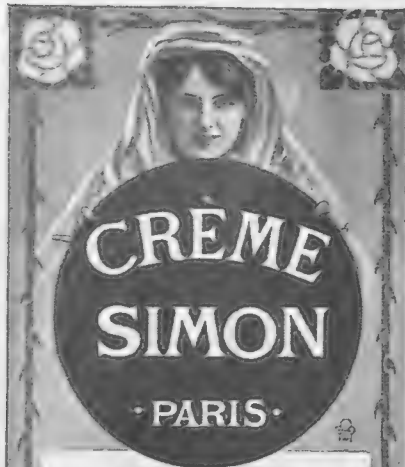
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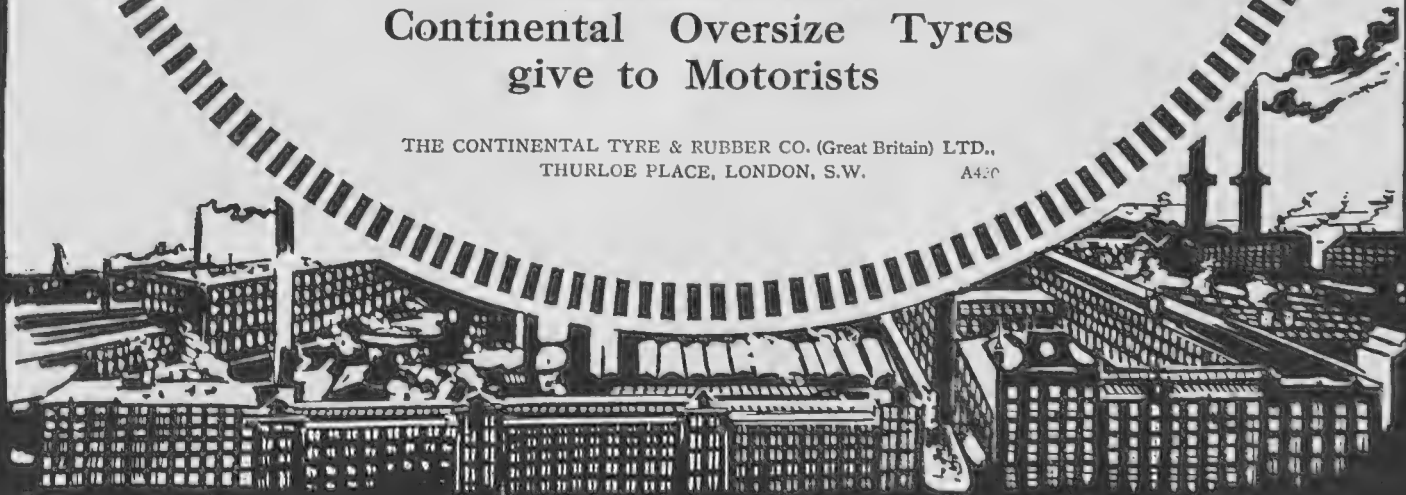
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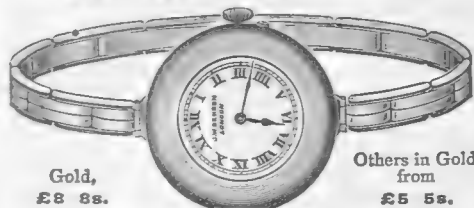
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ONE is inclined to ask how much fuss would have been made about "The Melting Pot" if the author were not Mr. Zangwill and there had been no preliminary booming. Not very much, I fancy. The critic would have said that the author had a really valuable gift for writing fine rhetoric, and was very much in earnest about some great problem, but lacked the craftsmanship to get his ideas across the footlights. Naturally, we are sympathetic with the author's views about the pogroms in Russia, the horrors of which, some years ago, were put before us with great force by a Russian company at the Avenue. To us, after all, the piece has to stand or fall by its qualities as a play, and we find it rather crude and needlessly violent. As a dramatist, Mr. Zangwill reminds me very much of Mr. Hall Caine: one feels that there is a man of great ability and sincerity, anxious to elevate the drama and to write an unconventional work about ideas, yet so baffled by the peculiar limitations of the theatre that the result of his efforts is rather elementary melodrama, with some purple patches of really fine quality. The actual story of the love of the Russian Christian aristocrat and the Jewish young man of genius whose parents and family were brutally murdered under the direction of her father has its strong sensational moments, but the chief people are not exactly real, and their conduct is unconvincing. A very able performance was given by Mr. Harold Chapin as the hysterical hero, Miss Gillian Scaife acted quite cleverly the foreign lady with accent, and Miss Phyllis Relph played with sincerity and some power the character of the heroine. It was a good thing for the Play Actors to give us an opportunity of seeing the play, which was a great success in America.

The stage débutantes of to-day are wiser than their ancestors, and choose interesting plays for experimental matinées, and not the old mechanical "star" dramas. Mrs. J. H. Sinclair (widow, I believe, of the South African cricketer) presented herself as Nora in "The Doll's House"—a difficult character indeed—and by her intelligence and the charm of her voice gave a quite creditable performance, though, of course, she must not be judged by the standard of an Achur or a Duse in Ibsen's play. Mr. James Berry put aside the conventional reading of Torvald, her husband, and, instead of the customary stiff prig, gave us quite a jolly, jovial, "good sort" kind of fellow who was intensely fond of his wife—indeed, one felt so sorry for him as almost to forget the woes of Nora. Miss Filippi, with deplorable modesty, took the part of Anna: I wonder when we shall see her again in a character worthy of her. Somebody ought to revive "The Thieves' Comedy," a quite workmanlike

version of Hauptmann's "Die Biberpelz"—perhaps the coming Repertory Theatre will oblige.

When "Great Catherine" was produced as the next Shaw piece to "Over-ruled," some critics suggested that Mr. Bernard Shaw was losing his grip upon the theatre, and "The Music-Cure" will not cause them to alter their view. It is described on the programme as "a piece of utter nonsense," and the description is correct. We are all prepared to accept utter nonsense, if clever, but the cleverness in the piece at the Little Theatre is not obvious. Anybody could make the customary jokes about the Marconi affair, and therefore one expects Bernard Shaw to leave it alone, unless he has something novel and brilliant to say, and he hasn't. The sketch has a kind of broad, music-hall humour in the idea of the fashionable classic pianist called in for her music to soothe the half-distraught hero, and herself being captivated by the rag-time stuff he strums on the piano. The ordinary revue author—and one cannot put authorship much lower—could have invented this, and the jokes that came out of it; but some of these gentry would have boggled at the absurdity of pretending that the pianist could play the concertina the first time she saw one. Miss Madge McIntosh, who looked very well in a metallic-blue wig, acted quite brilliantly as the pianist, and there was much merit in the work of Mr. William Armstrong, who represented the brainless hero.

Hamlet, according to Mr. William Poel, was, as seen at the Little Theatre, a very strange creature. It was apparently Mr. Poel's object to show us new meanings in the play, and there is no doubt some reason for giving us those passages which are usually omitted, though the experiment seemed hardly worth the making, if it meant omitting large quantities of what is usually left in. The theory is that when put in his proper proportion, the King is a much more important person than he usually appears; but what we saw had not the effect of showing this. Indeed, the young and foppish King presented by Mr. Desmond Brannigan, seemed more negligible than even the most self-centred actor-manager playing Hamlet has ever dared to make him; and it was difficult to see the object of making him a boy married to an old woman. But the object of most things in this version of the play was obscure: the weird, prancing, gibbering Hamlet of Mr. Esmé Percy, the curious new and perverse renderings of almost every scene; above all, the rapid, colloquial, and almost unintelligible utterance of all the players. Mr. Poel himself played Polonius well: his commanding dignity and clear speaking were impressive. Mr. Charles Doran's Horatio was also good; but the rest were inexplicable, as was most of the production.

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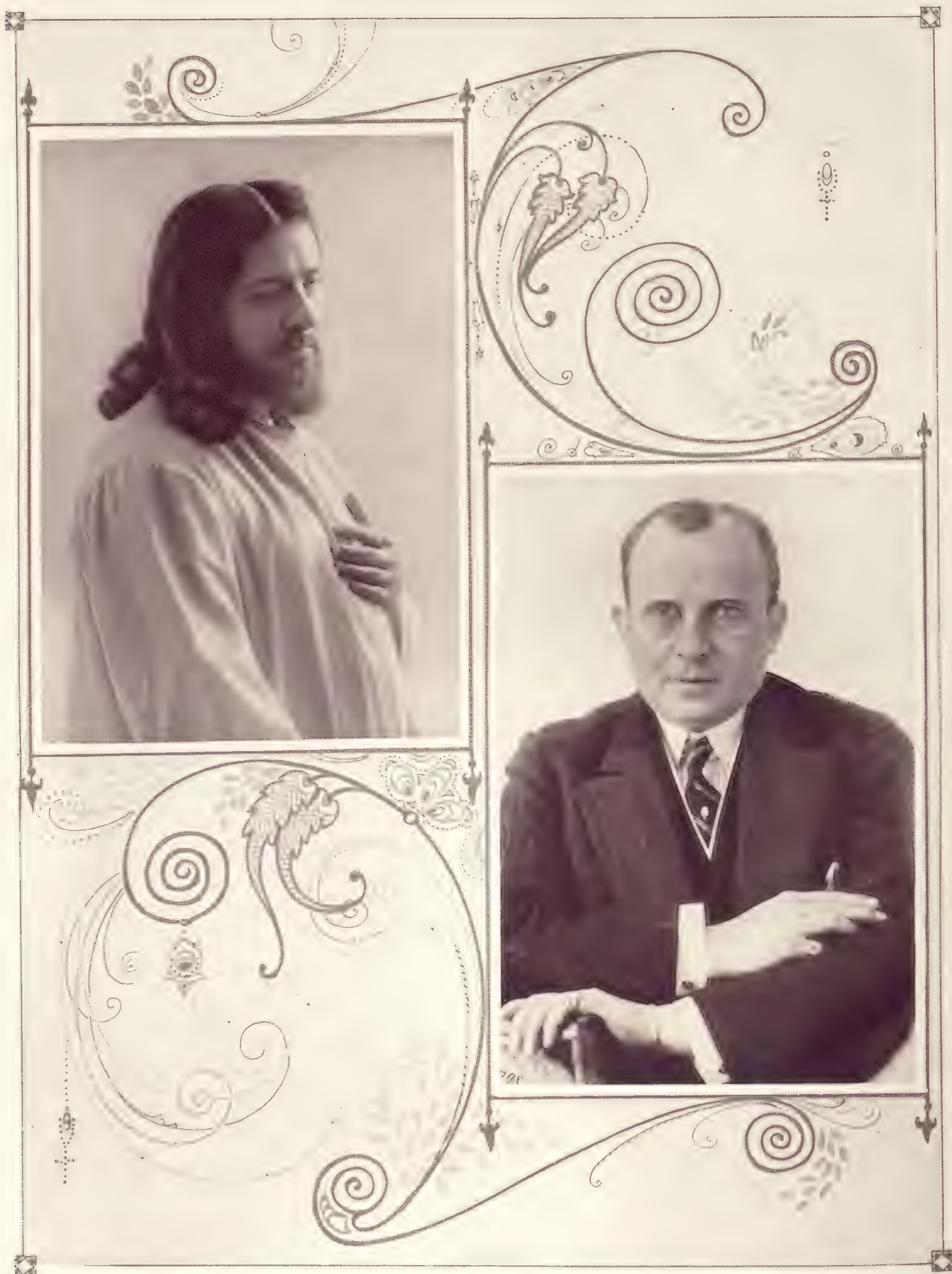
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centres in Mameena, the half-caste, "a Zulu Helen of Troy" (as Mr. Asche has called her), "who sets the tribes to battle and loves that she may kill, killing again to love again." This part Miss Brayton will play; while Mr. Asche will be a young Zulu warrior. The one white character in the piece is Allan Quatermain.—[Photograph by May and Moore.]



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